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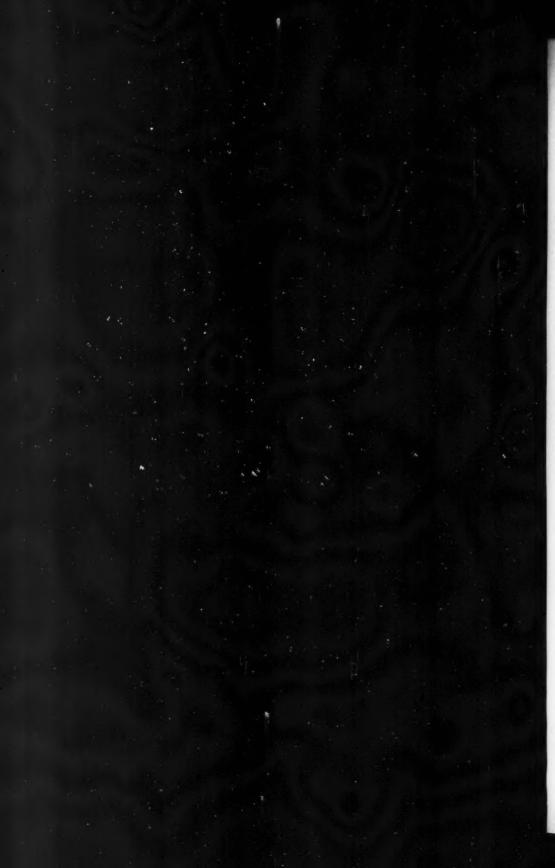
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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Serles. Volume LXVI.

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From Beginning, Vol. CLXXXI.

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

#### DEATH AS THE LITTLE LOVE-GOD.

SUNSET and moonrise mingling in the sky
Made dreamlight, and beside the village well
The maidens sat, singing the songs that tell
Of love; and then a troop of knights went by.
And with them rode a boy, right roguishly,
A little archer wight, who in his selle
Turned as they passed, and shot a shaft that

fell
Full in a maiden's budding breast; her cry
Rose sharp and sudden, and at the sound outrung

Her light companion's laughter; and he, too, The sweet boy-bowman, smiled, as marksmen do,

Though bitterly, methought, for one so young. But she the shaft had struck still sighed and sighed

As one in pain, and not long after died. Frank T. Marzials.

WITH pipe and book at close of day, O! what is sweeter, mortal, say? It matters not what book on knee, Old Izaac or the Odyssey, It matters not meerschaum or clay.

And though one's eyes will dream astray, And lips forget to sue or sway, It is "enough merely to be" With pipe and book.

What though our modern skies be gray, As bards aver, I will not pray For "soothing Death" to succor me, But ask thus much, O! Fate, of thee, A little longer yet to stay With pipe and book!

R. LE GALLIENNE.

#### SONNET.

YE, who to virtue and your country vowed, Reject, denounce dishonored party ties, And side by side with ancient enemies Confront the Jacobin onset blind and loud Nor snared by sophist tongue nor clamor-cowed,

England's brave sons, pursue your high emprise

So much the more, the more the unjust, the

unwise Rain on you fire from faction's low-hung cloud. Against you march Revolt and Rapine's

brood:
That sect its scope remoter knows not yet;
In France its axe is red with brothers' blood;
Firm as a flint your face 'gainst such is set.
Old friends change faith: to old convictions

Ye change but place. Changlings are they, not you.

Spectator. AUBREY DE VERE.

### THE LAST METAMORPHOSIS OF MEPHISTOPHELES.

CANDID he is, and courteous therewithal,
Nor, as he once was wont, in the far prime,
Flashes his scorn to heaven; nor as the mime
Of after-days, with antics bestial
Convenes the ape in man to carnival:
Nor, as the cynic of a later time,
Jeers, that his laughter, like a jangled chime,
Rings through the abyss of our eternal fall.
But now, in courtliest tones of cultured grace,
He glories in the growth of good, his glance
Beaming benignant as he bids us trace
Good everywhere; till, as mere motes that
dance
Athwart the sunbeams, all things evil and base

Athwart the sunbeams, all things evil and base Glint golden in his genial tolerance.

FRANK T. MARZIALS.

### SONNET.

THE sun had set, and in the mellow light
Suffusing all the west—the after-glow—
One star was faintly shining, hanging low
On the horizon's edge; advancing night
Drew shadows through the air and o'er the
height;

When, in the east, a ruddy fire, and lo, New light! The full-faced moon was climbing slow

The sullen sky. The star, one moment bright, Plunged trembling down the void.

Can this thing be,
That from our sombre life, as silently,
One life fades out, swung down by cosmic
law,
Which lifts another up? Do all things draw
Sequent to nature's movement, and are we
But parcel of the earth, like rock or tree?

Temple Bar.

CHARLES F. JOHNSON.

WHEN do I love you most, sweet books of mine?

In strenuous morns when o'er your leaves I pore

Austerely bent to win austerest lore, Forgetting how the dewy meadows shine; Or afternoons when honeysuckles twine

About the seat, and to some dreamy shore Of old Romance, where lovers evermore Keep blissful hours, I follow at your sign? Yea, ye are precious then, but most to me Ere lamplight dawneth, when low croons

the fire
To whispering twilight in my little room,

And eyes read not, but sitting silently

I feel your great hearts throbbing deep in
quire,

And hear you breathing round me in the gloom.

R. LE GALLIENNE.

From The London Quarterly Review. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE literature of our day is rich beyond all precedent in biography. Never, perhaps, has public curiosity been keener as to the private history of famous people, and never has there been a more obliging readiness to meet that curiosity. There are, however, some recent instances in which the surviving friends of distinguished persons have declined to gratify the popular craving for details of their lives; and it is to the most noticeable of such instances that Mr. Ingram invites our attention, in stating that during the twenty-seven years that have elapsed since Mrs. Browning's death, "nothing even claiming to be a biography of her has been published," though a few fragments of her literary correspondence have been given to the world. It is no accidental or negligent omission. Remembering the shy and tender mystery which involved the poetess during all her life - which was never lived in the world's eye - we may guess that those who still live to mourn this rare woman are little disposed to unbar the doors and let the broad day into the sacred shrine where her beloved memory is treasured. Such a feeling is worthy of respect; yet we cannot be sorry that at last a writer has been found to gather together, from more than twenty different sources, the fragments of information relating to that too brief existence, and to piece them into a mosaic, from which we can see how perfectly the character of Elizabeth Barrett Browning harmonized with her work. Not of her, as of many another great lyrist, could it be said that, giving "the people of her best," she kept the worst for herself and her home. Her soul was white - an eyewitness of her life † has lately said; not in the low conventional sense of purity was she pure, but in the loftier sense that in her spirit things ignoble and impure could find no lodgment - all was clean and lofty.

Such testimony does not surprise one familiar with her writings. Hardly can we read three pages of hers without be-

coming aware of an air breathing on us from some region higher and fairer than the common world of men - some sphere "where deep thought is a duty, and Love a grown-up god." It but satisfies expectation pleasantly to find this impression justified by the reality.

But while we are grateful to Mr. Ingram for his courage in giving us the "initial biography" of Mrs. Browning, and while we would not cavil at the inevitable shortcomings of a work for which the material was but scanty, we may permit ourselves the expression of a regret that his attitude should be much more critical than sympathetic towards the religion, most real and intense, which ruled the whole existence of this greatest known poetess. Some spiritual sympathy is needed to deal adequately with the life of one whose personality was so suffused, so interpenetrated, with the Christianity of Christ. She who could acknowledge what was good and excellent in thinkers so loose as Leigh Hunt, and moralists whose conduct was so faulty as George Sand's, should not be described as "bigoted" and "superstitious," because she accepted as historical the Old Testament narrative of the fall, and retained her belief in the existence of angelic intelligences. Those whose "Christianity is confined to Church and rubrics " might indeed have found her charity too wide, her views too unfettered for their taste. It is odd to find her indirectly censured for her recognition of the divine hand in the incidents of her life, every one of which she regarded, we are told, "as a direct interposition of the Deity." An apter phrase than this might be found to describe her happy consciousness of the Heavenly Father's ceaseless care, -

Earth's crammed with Heaven, And every common bush afire with God, But only he who sees takes off his shoes.

Because she saw and worshipped, shall it be lawful to speak of her "excess of faith" as leading her to misjudge "the best about her"? Few were those whom she judged more hardly than they deserved - many those whose faults her compassion condoned. For her errors of judgment, her impulsive nature and secluded life are

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<sup>\*</sup> Elizabeth Barrett Browning. By John H. Ingram. (Eminent Women Series.) London: W. H. Allen &

<sup>†</sup> T. A. Trollope.

rightly answerable - not her sublime trust in God and his word.

We turn now gladly to the story which Mr. Ingram's book sets before us — to the

poetess and her work.

The little controversy that has arisen between Mr. Robert Browning and his wife's biographer as to the exact date and place of her birth is more amusing than important. Whether Mr. Ingram is right in assigning the event to London as the place and 1809 as the year - or Mr. Browning, in preferring Carlton Hall and 1806 - are matters which may be safely left to the original disputants. More interesting is the fact, that one of the boldest champions of the oppressed, one of the truest advocates of freedom, should have been the child of a wealthy West Indian slave-owner. It was not, however, the evil fate of Elizabeth Barrett to grow up in the poisonous atmosphere of slavery. Wherever was her birthplace, her home, up to the period of her marriage, was England.

Her father, Edward Moulton-Barrett, acquired not long after his daughter Elizabeth's birth the estate of Hope End, near Ledbury, Herefordshire. Its situation, in a retired valley not far from the Malvern Hills, had considerable beauty of the "sweet, familiar" kind so tenderly described in "Aurora Leigh;" the "deep hills - green slope built on slope," the "nooks of valleys," full of the noise of invisible streams, the "open pastures," where white daisies and white dew vied with each other in the early dawn; the "most gentle dimplement" of the ground; the "mythic oaks and elm-trees standing out, self-poised upon their prodigy of shade." Here, in the midst of these soft pastoral scenes, Elizabeth lived until she had "passed twenty by several years;" here she spent a childhood that must have been exquisitely happy, and in that respect in sharp contrast to the girlhood experiences of the heroine of her "fictitious autobiography," the lonely and or-phaned "Aurora." There were many sweet playfellows, brothers and sisters; there was a mother, most gentle, though burdened with too much motherly care,

heaven of green fields, woods, and gardens outside the house, and within it great treasures of books, and a proud, loving, encouraging, if despotic father, who promoted only too willingly the studies of his pretty, precocious child, and triumphed when - like the poet who first took her childish fancy - she "lisped in numbers." It was her delight in Pope's "Homer" that threw her, she says, "into Pope on one side, and Greek on the other, and into Latin as a help to Greek."

The Greeks "became her demigods;" the shade of mythic Agamemnon mingled more in her dreams than the dear pony which carried her over English ground. Her first great poetic effort (at the age of ten!) was an "epic, in four books," on the battle of Marathon; and of the two most charming poems inspired by her childish joys, one relates the fashioning by her little hands, out of garden turf and flowers, of a giant shape, which she called " Hector, son of Priam," and invested with helmet of daffodils and sword of white lilies, breastplate of daisies and belt of periwinkles. So Alexander Pope, by the sweet fluent verse of his Englished Homer false to the great original as it may be, yet delightful to boys and girls - opened for

the child-poet the way to such large and

liberal culture as hardly any English poetess had known before.

Elizabeth Barrett's health, never very vigorous, gave way rather suddenly when she was about fifteen, owing, as one authority tells us, to an accident which injured the spine; but she herself attributed her long invalidism to a "common cough, striking on an insubstantial frame." Whatever the cause, the outdoor world she had found so dear and beautiful became more or less a lost paradise for her during many subsequent years. Just, however, when the doors of her first Eden seemed closing on her, other gates of delight were opening for her entrance. "Her father obtained for her an introduction to the well-known Greek scholar, Hugh Stuart Boyd," who, though blind, was "a profound student and accomplished author." There grew up a very beautiful friendship, embalmed by Elizabeth in grateful verse, between the and of fragile health; there was the child's fair young girl and the blind scholar, who took delight in making this rarely gifted | creature free of the "realms of gold," ruled over by the great Hellenes, of days both before and after Christ. Not only the great tragedians, "the thunderous" Æschylus, "Sophocles, the royal, Euripides, the human," not only Theocritus, Pindar, Bion, Plato, but Chrysostom and Basil, Synesius and Nazianzen, and others less well known were studied by the strangely matched pair, during those long fair mornings, at Hope End, among the Malvern Hills, lovingly commemorated by Elizabeth Barrett in her poem, "Wine of Cyprus." This manly training did so much for the most womanly of women, it so enriched and so liberalized her mind, that her example may be boldly cited by those educationists who would gladly secure for every human being, with powers worthy of large development, a share of the same kind of culture, which some would fain restrict to men only, and some would banish altogether in favor of a merely utilitarian instruction.

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Her love for the Greek poets, whose majestic verse charmed so many of her hours and widened her mental horizon so grandly, betrayed her once or twice, however, into literary errors. The "Prometheus Bound" was in her mind when she fixed on the theme, of superhuman difficulty, which she tried to illustrate in her early dramatic effort, "The Seraphim," wherein she pictured angelic bands sweeping earthward, to gaze, in wonder and love and awe, on the "decease accomplished at Jerusalem" by the world's Redeemer - a spectacle immeasurably grander than that of the immortally defiant sufferer riveted to rocks of Caucasus, there to bear the immortal hate of a hostile deity, but by its awful spiritual superiority unfit for such handling as the great and gloomy Greek bestowed on the Prometheus myth. Her dream was not true, that the "sublime meekness" of the Saviour, whose "agony stood dumb before his love," could have won the poetic homage of the thunderous Æschylus; yet that she should have dreamed such a dream shows that, for all her Hellenic lore, her thought in its essence was never Hellenized, but

and her poem, though a failure, is better than any nineteenth-century waxen reproduction of the Greek, since it expresses living thought and feeling.

While she was "eating and drinking Greek, and making her head ache with it; gathering visions from Plato and the dramatists;" learning the methods of English verse from Pope and Byron and Coleridge; and trying her own wings in ambitious poetic flights, not yet original, some of which attained the dignity of print,—the fast-flying years were bringing her her first real sorrow. On the 1st of October, 1828, her mother died, leaving eight sons and daughters orphaned of her mild, beneficent presence, which was not the less missed because she had been impartially loving

to all, instead of following her husband in concentrating her proud affection on one royally gifted child.

It would seem that Elizabeth had spent some time in France, completing her education there, when a new but lesser misfortune called her to a new change of scene. Mr. Barrett had been wealthy, but the emancipation of the West-Indian slaves so impaired his means that a change in his style of living seemed desirable. He broke up his establishment at Hope End, and thenceforth his family became town-dwellers. Two years they spent at Sidmouth; then they removed to London, settling at Gloucester Place; and until her marriage in 1846 London remained Miss Barrett's home. The touch of grief, that great stern teacher, and the transition from a rural solitude to the stirring world of men, would seem to have ripened her genius with surprising suddenness.

sufferer riveted to rocks of Caucasus, there to bear the immortal hate of a hostile deity, but by its awful spiritual superiority unfit for such handling as the great and gloomy Greek bestowed on the Prometheus myth. Her dream was not true, that the "sublime meekness" of the Saviour, whose "agony stood dumb before his love," could have won the poetic homage of the thunderous Æschylus; yet that she should have dreamed such a dream shows in its essence was never Hellenized, but remained intensely modern and Christian; "Isobel's Child" and "Cowper's Grave"

at her best. In "The Romaunt of Margret," full of a weird, haunting suggestive-ness that baffles analysis, Miss Barrett successfully employed a manner which reproduces the charm of many a wild old ballad - such as "The Cruel Sister," with its recurring wail of "Binnorie, O Binnorie" - a manner in which neither Edgar Poe nor Dante Rossetti has surpassed her. There is something morbid, something of the Medusa terror, breathing from this "Romaunt," and, again, from the rarely perfect "Lay of the Brown Rosary," which followed it a few years later; a certain fantastic strain of imagination which reminds us that the conditions of the writer's life had become increasingly exceptional, so, indeed, as to be almost unnatural.

London was not all unkind to Elizabeth Barrett; the vast and terrible city, whose strange material and moral picturesqueness she keenly appreciated, for all its grimness, enriched her as the lovely loneliness of Hope End could not do; it gave to her some priceless literary friendships, it opened to her a sphere of real work in the world of letters, it brought her finally the crowning love of her life; but it completed the wreck of her frail health.

Through the genial and wealthy John Kenyon, a distant relative of the Barretts, and a great lover and entertainer of poets and artists, the young poetess was made acquainted with many celebrities of the day, some of whom, like Wordsworth, she reverenced at a distance, while with others, such as Mary Russell Mitford and R. H. Horne, she entered into close friendship and alliance. It was Kenyon, too, who smoothed for his cousin Elizabeth the first steps of her true author life, securing acceptance and notice for her works from the best existing literary journals; it was he finally who introduced Robert Browning to Elizabeth Barrett, and so, all unwittingly, broke for her the doors of the prison in which shattered health and oversolicitous parental tenderness had enclosed her. For all these services the lovers of high and pure literature owe gratitude to John Kenyon, that cheerful, keen-witted man of the world, large-hearted and benevolent, who deserved, said Robert Browning, "to be known all over the world as Kenyon the Magnificent." He, however, with all his energetic helpfulness, could not avert from his lovely and beloved young relative the overhanging doom of long years to be passed in physical suf-fering, due to mental anguish and over- father had now arrived, and joined with of long years to be passed in physical suf-

have hardly been exceeded by their writer | excitement quite as much as to original delicacy of constitution, unfavorably affected by the atmosphere of London.

> When Miss Mitford first met Elizabeth Barrett the latter must have been a rarely attractive creature; the elder lady's letters dwell with rapture on the exquisite delicacy of form, the richness of coloring, the dark radiancy of glance, which, with the noble brow and the sunlike smile, made the shy, modest songstress as delightful to look upon as "some bright flower," This flower-like fairness was short-lived as any rose, unhappily. Even while Miss Barrett was working for Miss Mitford at the extraordinary task of illustrating, with poems written to order, "Finden's Tableaux of National Character" (it is wonderful to find that "The Romaunt of the Page" was produced in this way), she was suddenly brought to the very brink of the grave with lung-disease. Carried down to Torquay to escape the London winter in 1838, and tended there with the most lavish tenderness by her brother Edward, always loving and beloved by her, "worthy in heart and talent of such a sister," and by the father who held her the dearest jewel of his life, she gathered bodily strength very slowly, though her mental vigor and activity seemed hardly at all affected by her physical prostration. Flowing, ebbing, flowing again, the tide of her life was at last setting steadily towards recovery, when, in the summer of 1840, there fell on her, like "a bolt from the blue," the calamity which all but slew her, and "gave a nightmare to her life forever."

> It was the 11th of July, and a Saturday, when, their father being absent, Edward Barrett left his sister's side for a short summer's day cruise along the beautiful shores of Devon. Two comrades were with him, a young Mr. Vanneck and a Captain Clarke; they took an experienced pilot, named White, to manage the pleasure-yacht they had hired, the Belle Sauvage, a well-tried, swift sailer; there seemed no risk in the little expedition. But the Belle Sauvage and her crew never saw Torquay again. Elizabeth Barrett, lonely and helpless on her couch, looked vainly for her brother's return till night came down, till the new morning came bringing new terror; hours on hours rolled over her, each bearing its own weight of darkening apprehension, and still no news. Then came a whisper that such a yacht had been seen to sink near Teignmouth, and inquiry brought definite

the other bereaved ones in stimulating | fiding in whom, as "supreme Love," the search. At last, on the 18th of July, the drowned corpse of Captain Clarke was recovered, but Edward Barrett was not found till the 4th of August. More than three weeks had passed since in the fulness of life he had left his sister for a few hours' absence. His remains, with those of his comrade and of the pilot White, lie in the parish church of Tormohun, Torquay. Young Charles Vanneck, "the only son of his mother, and she a widow," seems never to have been found.

In this woful tale there is a resemblance to the equally piteous story of Shelley's death; but here it was the over-sensitive heart and brain of a poet-survivor that had to bear the sickening alternations of hope and fear, culminating in despair. What those three weeks of wretchedness had been to Elizabeth Barrett may be imagined, but not expressed. One thought gave a poisoned edge to her misery: but for her, this most beloved brother would not have been beside the beautiful traitorous sea - would not have been tempted to sail on it; and she writhed herself on this thought with the self-torturing persistency too common in the bereaved; while her extreme prostration forbade any attempt to remove her, and perforce she lay within hearing of the sea, the sound of whose waves "rang in her ears like the moans of one dying." At last, a full year after the catastrophe, she had recovered sufficient strength to risk a journey, and was successfully transported to her father's house in Wimpole Street, London. Here, however, she remained a helpless and, as it seemed, a hopeless prisoner for well-nigh five years. Writing to Horne, who wanted some biographical particulars from her, she likened her existence to that her most enduring work was done. of "a bird in a cage" - a darkened cage, too - for daylight was one of the common blisses she could no longer safely share. But the nightingale notes which this caged bird poured forth became ever sweeter and fuller and more triumphant in their power. The blow which had almost killed her had not crushed.

The secret of the strength which upheld her has been fully revealed in her verse. The poem "De Profundis," which, as dealing too intimately with her bereavement, was not published till after her death, is indeed a cry from the deeps — a heart-piercing wail of mere misery at first, but changing and soaring and swelling into a song of love and praise to Him who mourner is content to say: -

For us, — whatever's undergone, Thou knowest, willest what is done. Grief may be joy misunderstood; Only the Good discerns the good. I trust Thee while my days go on.

Without this impassioned faith it is hard to see how Elizabeth Barrett could have lived and could have worked; but, taking cognizance of it, we put our finger on "the very pulse of the machine." For into her inevitable consciousness of high poetic power was interwoven an equal sense of responsibility for the use of it; and her steadfast intention to use the gift nobly, for the praise of the great Giver and the uplifting of her fellow-creatures, never faltered. So, as the deadly frost of anguish melted from her benumbed spirit under the shining of Heaven's love, she rose up straightway, and set herself to the ap-pointed business of her life.

I did not die. But slowly, . . . by degrees, I woke, rose up . . . where was I? in the world;

For uses, therefore, I must count worth while.

So we may hear her speaking, at this crisis, in the words of her own "Aurora." Her fresh loveliness was faded, her womanly existence blighted in mid-bloom, her horizon narrowed down to the four walls of a sick-room; the roar of the great world reached her only in subdued echoes through the mediation of a few cherished intimates; she lived chiefly by the help of books. But the intellectual life that was thus nourished was of the most astonishing intensity, the most restless activity; it was precisely in those prisoned years of feebleness and suffering that some of

For it was the two volumes of verse which she put forth in 1844 which at once conquered for her the popularity she never lost. Moxon, who had hesitated about publishing them, since "Tennyson was the only poet he did not lose by," had no reason to regret his venture; nor had the American publisher, who had dared to print fifteen hundred copies. We have to discount all Mrs. Browning's widespread influence on the poets and the prose-writers of our day, before we can realize what must have been the fresh original charm of these volumes when they first appeared. Here was the immortal "Cry of the Children"—that indictment of national cruelty, so wonderful wore "the crown of sovran thorns," con- in its terrible simplicity, its white-hot pas-

inspired to write by her friend Horne's report to government on employment of children in mines and factories, and which is said to have hastened, by its first appearance in Blackwood, the passing of the initial act to restrain the practices denounced. Here was the richly colored, impassioned, impossible, and beautiful "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" — a poet's protest against the tyrannic conventionalities of society; here the half-pathetic, half-humorous "Romance of the Swan's Nest," whose prettiest of child heroines teaches us that the child-heart lived on in Elizabeth Barrett; here "The Lay of the Brown Rosary," so steeped in the dreamy light of other days; here the sweet, homely tenderness of "Bertha in the Lane," contrasted with the passion of love and death in the "Rhyme of the Duchess May." To-day, these poetic narratives are still dear to the public, which at once seized on them in 1844, heeding but little the other strains - high, mystical, devotional - which mingled with them, though among these might be verse so majestic as that of the "Vision of Poets," "The Cry of the Human," "The Fourfold Aspect," "The Dead Pan." This popular preference fully justified Miss Mitford in her unwelcome advice to the poetess to choose themes concerned with "human thought and human action," and not to spend her strength on the psychological and the mystical. Miss Barrett, however, who found her own thoughts more exciting and more interesting than any chain of outside incident, cared little for narrative, and was not skilled in constructing it, such plots as she did weave being slight and often improbable. Her highest hopes for these volumes had rested on her half-for-gotten "Drama of Exile," in which she dared to take up the tale of Eden where Milton had left it - outside the gates of Paradise. It has many splendid passages, but it proved something too high-fantastical for the public taste, and though a much grander failure than its predecessor, "The Seraphim," it is still a failure.

Elizabeth Barrett, it must be owned, had the defects of her qualities. That beautiful audacity of hers, that independence and originality, by virtue of which she achieved many shining successes, under less fortunate inspirations displayed themselves in somewhat exasperating perversities. She had insisted on wasting herself upon the thankless task of resuscitating the "Greek Christian Poets" and their forgotten verse in a series of papers

sion of pity, which Miss Barrett was inspired to write by her friend Horne's report to government on employment of children in mines and factories, and which is said to have hastened, by its first appearance in *Blackwood*, the passing of

There is perhaps no pleasanter bit of reading among her letters to Horne than her serious yet laughing defence of her barbarous double rhymes against the attacks of the genial fellow-worker, with whom she had toiled at his "Chaucer Modernized" and his "New Spirit of the Age." Those jarring dissonances which had set his teeth on edge were not, she told him, due to negligence or ignorance of hers; no - she was deliberately aiming to enrich the poor English repertory of lawful rhymes on a carefully thought-out plan. And she clave to her plan to the last. In like manner, it was in vain that such a master of word-melody as Edgar Poe, while rendering all homage to her poetic inspiration as "the most august conceivable," remonstrated with her on her technical shortcomings, especially in respect of rhythm. "He seems in a great mist on the subject of metre," was her comment, and she continued to take her own way in the matter. The same strong self-determining quality swayed her on much more important questions. once take up an opinion or a person, and her allegiance to the one or the other never faltered. "If that woman," said Landor, provoked at her steadfast belief in the third Napoleon, "put her faith in a man as good as Jesus, and he should become as wicked as Pontius Pilate, she would not change it." And as it was with her trust in Louis Napoleon, so it was with her faith in Spiritualism, when once she had convinced herself of its reality. Not even the "sharp touch" of Robert Browning's hostile logic could materially disturb her conviction.

But she showed herself amenable to the logic of events on one point at least. The "Drama of Exile" was her last attempt to treat Biblical subjects dramatically.

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For the rest, the poetess, whose fame had risen to high flood-tide throughout the English-speaking world, had little need to brood sadly over occasional failures. "The critics have been kind and generous to me," she frankly confessed. Also her success brought her into touch with many new admirers, not less distinguished than those earlier friends, Miss Mitford, R. H. Horne, Landor, and poor Haydon, the tragedy of whose life and death had brought

the world's darkest trouble into her hermit life. Some of her newly won devotees, not content with mere letters, contrived to gain admission into her presence. It hardly seems as if Harriet Martineau had been one of these, though her courage, her ability, and her enthusiasm had aroused the admiring interest of Miss Barrett, who had no previsions of the lady's later course. Mrs. Jameson, however, did succeed in breaking down the invalid's shy defences by help of Kenyon; and so, apparently in the same year (1846), did Robert Browning. He had been for some formed." time in correspondence with the inspired recluse, who, by two lines in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," had showed that she ranked him with the noblest singers of the day; now at last he saw and spoke with Faded cheek and wasted frame could not blind him to the imperishable charm possessed by this "soul of fire en-closed in a shell of pearl," as the American Hillard described her.

The time has not come - perhaps it never may come - when the story of that swift, surprising love, which was crowned by the marriage of the two poets in that very year, can be wholly told. Enough can be divined from those exquisite love-sonnets of Elizabeth Barrett, whose superscription, "From the Portuguese," is the most innocent, ineffectual veil of their author's identity; enough can be gathered from the bolder allusions, tender and proud, of which Robert Browning was not sparing, and which, amid the tantalizing obscurity of his style, stand out plain and eloquent enough, telling how deep and fervent was his worship for his

Lyric Love, half angel and half bird, And all a wonder and a wild desire.

"Love is a virtue for heroes," wrote Mrs. Browning - one of the last things she wrote. Love, as she knew it, was of that sort; an idealizing passion, clothed in humility, pure as fire and strong as death - nay, stronger. By its aid she was restored to the living world; the shadowy chamber where, calmly and resignedly, she lay awaiting her summons to "come up higher," was suddenly invaded by another messenger than the Angel of Doom; and the exquisite happiness which she had ceased to regard as possible for her, with her thirty-seven years of age and her helpless weakness, was put before her to take or to leave. She faltered a little in making her choice, and tried to bid the bright new visitant depart; but the struggle was not long.

"On the 12th September, 1846, Elizabeth Barrett was married, at the Marylebone parish Church, to Robert Browning, and immediately after the newly wedded pair started for Italy by way of Paris."

"Love really is the wizard the poets have called him," said Miss Mitford, wondering over the "miraculous" fact that her friend bore all the fatigues of the long journey without injury, arriving in Pisa so much better, that Mrs. Jameson, who travelled with the Brownings, found the bride "not merely improved, but trans-

There was one discord in life's music, and one cloud on its sunshine, for the new-made wife. It reads like irony, like harsh satire, that, while Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "pretty sportive friend," the spaniel Flush, fond consoler of many a languid hour in her sick-room, went with her over sea and shared her happier fortune, the dear father who had surrounded her with loving care all her life long, who had fostered her genius and gloried in it, who had lavished his heart and his wealth on her, could yet never forgive her for having left his home to share Robert Browning's. After the day of his daughter's marriage, Mr. Barrett shut up his tenderness from her; he would not open her letters, he would not hear her name spoken; and when, in 1856, he died, no sign of relenting reached her, nor did her name occur in his will. But such small injury as this omission might have inflicted on Mrs. Browning's worldly welfare had been already warded off by the generous forethought of John Kenyon. his death, which preceded Mr. Barrett's, the Brownings inherited from him the "acceptable sum" of £10,500.

Doubtless a single tender message from her alienated father would have been far more precious to the poetess; and the obstinacy in anger of one so well beloved must have infused sufficient bitterness into her bliss to make her very soberly sad at times; otherwise the fifteen years of her wedded life might have seemed too bright. In all outward circumstances that life was rarely beautiful, the testimony of every eyewitness calling up a picture that for poetic charm and harmonious completeness seems hardly to belong to the worka-day world. The events of those rich

and happy years are few indeed.

After a brief sojourn at Pisa, the Brownings settled themselves at Florence, in Casa Guidi, the romantic old palace made world-famous by their abode in it. Here, on the 9th of March, 1849, was born Mrs.

Browning's one child, a son, who was named Robert Barrett; here she wrote "Casa Guidi Windows," the greater part of "Aurora Leigh," and the "Poems be-fore Congress." A few visits to England, and to other Italian cities besides Florence, fill up the slender calendar of personal occurrences, which suddenly closes with her death, on the 29th of June, 1861. It is to her poems that we have to turn to see what an intense, quick-throbbing intellectual life filled all the interspaces of those uneventful years, while the testi-mony of a new circle of gifted, sympathizing friends who were made free of Casa Guidi shows us what a rich, full, satisfying home life was hers within its antique Many of the new friends were Americans-Bayard Taylor; Harriet Hosmer and W. W. Story, the sculptors; Nathaniel Hawthorne and his wife. To these last we owe the most vivid pictures of the Browning household. By their aid we enter Casa Guidi doors, and, meeting in the hall the little Robert, beautiful with an aërial elfin beauty, are piloted by him into the great, dim, tapestried drawingroom, with its rich and quaint furnishings, its books and pictures, its balcony full of blooming plants and sunshine. Here we meet the manly, genial master of the house, "the grasp of whose hand gives a new value to life;" and then dawns upon us she who is the heart and soul of all, a slight, delicate, dark figure, with "sweet, sad eyes, musing and far-seeing and weird," shining out through a veil of curls. "It is wonderful to see how small she is, how pale her cheek, how bright and dark her eyes. There is not such another fig-ure in the world," says Hawthorne, who found her "a good and kind fairy, sweetly disposed towards the human race," and fit mother of the lovely little Ariel, Robert, whom for fondness his parents called Pennini, "a diminutive of Apennino," the name sportively given to him in his baby-hood, "because he was so very small; there being a statue in Florence of colossal size called Apennino." Mrs. Browning's deep mother-love for this child, beautiful in soul as in body, might in a smaller nature have become an all-absorbing passion. But the boy, of whom she was "more proud than of twenty Auroras," never dispossessed his father of his place in her affections, nor lessened her

interest in large impersonal matters.

"Books and humanity," says Story,
"great deeds, and, above all, politics, which include all the grand questions of the day, were foremost in her thoughts,

and, therefore, oftenest on her lips. I speak not of religion, for with her everything was religion. . . . Association with the Brownings, even though of the slightest nature, made one better in mind and soul."

The interests of Italy took the largest place among those great "questions of the day" for Mrs. Browning. Italy, where she had found "freedom and sunshine" - Italy, her married home, the birthplace of her boy - Italy, which, like a sweet foster-mother, had nursed her into new life, soon grew so dear to her that not England itself was dearer. She, who had long ago sportively called herself "a very fierce Radical," brought her strong love for freedom and humanity, her eager aspiration, into the fair land just when it began to heave and tremble with the volcanic forces of revolution; and the great upheaval of 1848 aroused in her, as in the Italians themselves, the most passionate hopes for their national unity and regeneration, while she mourned, as they did, over the black reactionary eclipse which so quickly overshadowed those hopes. To these mingled feelings she gave lan-guage in "Casa Guidi Windows," the first part of which, full of eager gladness, not untouched with apprehension, was written two years before the second, sad and stern, but still hopeful, which was completed and published in 1851. Her work, written in a measure modelled on Dante's own, though its rough English rhymes lack his mighty music, has in many passages a prophetic grandeur of style not unworthy of the great Florentine, whom she did not fear to follow in weighty indictments of papal iniquity; but her numerous allusions to local Italian history and politics lost their power for English readers unfamiliar with such matters; nor could some of her old admirers sympathize with her protest against the false hollow peace under which nations still lay crushed into slavery, with her appeal to the "Lord of Peace, who is Lord of Righteousness," to "give us peace which is no counterfeit." The poem, therefore, did not achieve a great success, but it remains a noble and valuable revelation of Mrs. Browning's inmost opinion on certain vital matters, bearing a clear witness against the false claims of sacerdotalism on the one hand, and the godless and lawless methods of the unbelieving revolutionary on the other. Now that the sweeter words of far-seeing hope for Italy with which this song closes have found a large fulfilment, while its

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have been overthrown, the autobiographic | ing; and their diverse merits and fortunes value of the poem is its best claim to con-

The same thing cannot be said of "Aurora Leigh," which was designedly autobiographic, in spirit though not in form, and which its author describes as "the most mature of her works, the one into which her highest convictions upon life and art have entered." Those convictions are themselves so full of interest, they are expressed with so much splendor and power, and the story, faulty as its construction may be, yet sweeps on its way with such a strong current of passion, that "Aurora Leigh" must ever keep its place as a very great poetic achievement, in despite of time and time's changes.

Taking a woman-poet, half English, half Italian, and wholly enthusiastic, as her heroine; consigning her in early girlhood to the austere guardianship of an English lady aunt, whose mental horizon is well walled in with mere proprieties; and giving to the poetess, Aurora, the true-hearted but quixotic philanthropist Romney Leigh for cousin and lover, - Mrs. Browning succeeded in making the action of these characters subserve the enforcement of her cherished opinions as to the rightful place of woman in the social scheme, the education best fitted to develop her powers beneficially, and the noble mission entrusted to the true poet, whose power to uplift and to purify, being exercised through the imagination and affections, she exalts far above that of the philanthropist, whose aim is merely to amend the temporal condition of the world's out-Her doctrine as to this last article has not commanded the widest acceptance; but undoubtedly she held it with firm allegiance, and lived and worked in its spirit, with results that do much to justify it. The pathetic figure of Marian Erle — " the daughter of the people — soft flower from rough root," who, growing up pure and good amid foul surroundings by mere grace of heaven, is betrayed to shame, trodden down into the world's mud, and yet never defrauded of her Godgiven purity of soul - is made to emphasize our writer's steadfast condemnation of the false factitious morality of society, and the unequal justice of the world to high-placed and low-placed womanhood; and it serves its purpose well. Borne away on the flood of the writer's indignant eloquence, we do not care to ask if this poor Marian and the Lady Waldemar, beautiful and unscrupulous worldling, who does so much to destroy her, are natural

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are far, indeed, from being impossible in

Passages of inspired insight, of stinging satire, of sublime fervor, abound in this long poem, and would light up a far feebler narrative. There are serious faults also; the blank verse, sometimes Shakespearean in its majesty, is sometimes tame and flat as Byron's in his most prosaic mood; there are some needless digressions; there is much appalling plainness of speech. Admitting these defects, we may not improperly quote Mrs. Browning's own defence as to the often repeated charge of her "reckless" use of sacred names - a charge which her biographer emphasizes against "Aurora Leigh." She held that Christ, by stooping to live man's life, has made it sacramental; that to name God's name reverently is no offence; "that the word God, being everywhere in his creation, and at every moment in his eternity, an appropriate word, could not be uttered unfitly, if devoutly.

And she made a duty of protesting, by action and word, against "the tendency to sunder the daily life from the spiritual creed," which she recognized in the decorous avoiding of any mention of things divine and of divine persons — out of church. We must not forget how strong her convictions were on this matter, when we criticise her constant introduction of sacred names, not in "Aurora Leigh" alone. It is no light or thoughtless practice with her.

After "Aurora Leigh," published in 1857, Mrs. Browning gave the world only the sheaf of verses published as "Poems before Congress." The bulk of these, relating to Italian politics, and inspired by feelings well-nigh too intense for expression, have as many defects as beauties, and by their publication in 1860 did something to impair her popularity with her own countrymen. The adoring faith they expressed in the third Napoleon, who appeared to Mrs. Browning through a mist of imaginative glory, as the chivalrous friend of Italy, was not shared by many English minds. Had their writer lived, she could not have escaped a cruel disillusion as to the real character of him whom she hailed as the crowned head of a noble democracy, "with the people's heart in his breast." But hers was a fairer fate. She saw Italy uplifted, freed, triumphant; she saw the lovely land which she had taken so completely into her love and pity become the heritage of a living united nation once more; she did not see or probable characters; they are very liv- the Napoleon, whom she gratefully re-

garded as the saviour of her second fatherland, discredited both as a man and a monarch, and cast down from the high BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DANVERS JEWELS." place of which he was found unworthy.

Her death, which took place almost suddenly, very early on a June morning of 1861, is said to have been actually hastened by the ill-omened Treaty of Villa-"She never," says Mr. Story, franca. "fully shook off the severe attack of illness occasioned by this check upon her life-hopes;" and precarious as her health always was, and intense as were her feelings, it is very possible indeed that this friendly observer was right; yet long life could not have been hers under the most favoring circumstances.

" I do not understand how she can live long," Mrs. Hawthorne had written. " Her delicate earthly vesture must soon be burnt up and destroyed by her soul of pure fire. . . . Her soul is mighty, and a great love has kept her on earth a season longer; but how she remains visible to us, with so little admixture of earth, is a

mystery."

It is fully in harmony with the beautiful tenor of her life that she seems to have passed away at last in a species of ecstasy. Her husband alone watched over her during her last night on earth, and to him, "though not apparently conscious of the coming on of death, she gave all those holy words of love, all the consolation of an oft-repeated blessing, whose value death has made priceless." Lifting herself up at last to die in his arms, she breathed out her soul in the words, " It is beautiful!"

"Grateful Florence" has adorned the house where she died with a marble slab, whose golden letters commemorate the service her "golden verse" did to Italy. A nobler monument is in the works left to us by this woman-poet, endowed as superbly as ever poet was with "the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love," and who, in virtue of her crowning endowment of steadfast reverent faith and love, produced, amid a life of suffering, poems whose serenity of triumphant hope and gladness furnishes the most astonishing and beautiful contrast to the heartchilling and melancholy pessimism which destroys all the use and value of the verse, technically very perfect, produced by far too many of our later unbelieving singers, both men and women. We can but pray that God may have mercy on these erring poet-souls; but for the work of one like Elizabeth Barrett Browning we may justly give him thanks.

From Temple Bar. SIR CHARLES DANVERS.

#### CHAPTER III.

ATHERSTONE was a rambling, old-fashioned, black-and-white house, half covered with ivy, standing in a rambling, old-fashioned garden - a charming garden, with clipped yews, and grass-paths, and strag-gling flowers and herbs growing up in unexpected places. In front of the house. facing the drawing-room windows, was a bowling-green, across which, at this time of the afternoon, the house had laid a cool green shadow.

Two ladies were sitting under its shel-

ter, each with her work.

It was hot still, but the shadows were deepening and lengthening. Away in the sun, hay was being made and carried, with crackings of whips and distant voices. Beyond the hayfields lay the silver band of the river, and beyond again the spire of Slumberleigh Church and a glimpse among the trees of Slumberleigh Hall.

"Ralph has started in the dog-cart to meet Charles. They ought to be here in half an hour, if the train is punctual," said

Mrs. Ralph.

She was a graceful woman, with a placid, gentle face. She might be thirty, but she looked younger. With her pleasant home and her pleasant husband, and her child to be mildly anxious about, she might well look young. She looked particularly so now as she sat in her fresh cotton draperies, winding wool with cool white hands.

The handiwork of some women has a hard, masculine look. If they sew, it is with thick cotton in some coarse material; if they knit, it is with cricket-balls of wool which they manipulate into wiry stockings and comforters. Evelyn's wools, on the contrary, were always soft, fleecy, liable to weak-minded tangles, and so turning after long periods of time into little feminine futilities for which it was difficult to

divine any possible use.

Lady Mary Cunningham, her husband's aunt, made no immediate reply to her small remark. Evelyn Danvers was not a little afraid of that lady, and, in truth, Lady Mary, with her thin face and commanding manner, was a very imposing person. Though past seventy, she sat erect in her chair, her stick by her side, some elaborate embroidery in her delicate old ringed hands. Her pale, colorless eyes were as keen as ever. Her white hair was covered by a wonderful lace cap, which no one had ever succeeded in imitating, that fell in soft lappets and graceful folds round the severe, dignified face. Molly, Evelyn's little daughter, stood in great awe of Lady Mary, who had such a splendid stick with a silver crook of her very own, and who made remarks in French in Molly's presence which that young lady could not understand, and felt that it was not intended she should. She even regarded with a certain veneration the cap itself, which she had once met in equivocal circumstances, journeying with a plait of white hair to-

wards Lady Mary's rooms.

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It was the first time since their marriage, of which she had not approved, that Lady Mary had paid a visit to Ralph and Evelyn at Atherstone. Lady Mary had tried to marry Ralph in days gone by to a woman who - but it was an old story and better forgotten. Ralph had married his first cousin when he had married Evelyn, and Lady Mary had strenuously objected to the match, and had even gone so far as to threaten to alter certain clauses in her will, which she had made in favor of Ralph, her younger nephew, at a time when she was at daggers drawn with her eldest nephew, Charles, now Sir Charles Danvers. But that was an old story too, and better forgotten.

When Charles succeeded his father some three years ago, and when after eight years Molly had still remained an only child, and one of the wrong kind, of no intrinsic value to the family, Lady Mary decided that bygones should be bygones, and became formally reconciled to Charles, with whom she had already found it exceedingly inconvenient, and consequently unchristian, not to be on speaking terms. As long as he was the scapegrace son of Sir George Danvers, her Christian principles remained in abeyance; but when he suddenly succeeded to the baronetcy and Stoke Moreton, the air of which suited her so well, and, moreover, to that convenient pied à terre, the house in Belgrave Square, she allowed feelings, which she said she had hitherto repressed with difficulty, their full scope, expressed a Christian hope that now that he had come to his estate Charles would put away Bohemian things, and instantly set to work to find a suitable wife for him.

At first Lady Mary felt that the task which she had imposed upon herself would (D. V.) be light indeed. Charles received her overtures with the same courteous demeanor which had been the chief sting of their former warfare. He paid his creditors no one knew how, for his father had left nothing to him unentailed; and

once out of money difficulties, he seemed in no hurry to plunge into them again. he had not as yet thoroughly taken up the life of an English country gentleman for want of that necessary adjunct which Lady Mary was so anxious to supply, at least he lived in England and in good society. short, as Lady Mary was fond of telling her friends, Charles had entirely reformed, hinting at the same time that she had been the humble instrument in the hands of an all-wise Providence which had turned him back into the way in which the English aristocracy should walk, and from which he had deviated so long. But one thing remained - to marry him. Every one said Charles must marry. Lady Mary did not say it, but with her whole soul she meant it. What she intended to do, she, as a rule, performed; occasionally at the expense of those who were little able to afford it, but still the thing was (always, of course, by the co-operation of Providence) done. Ralph certainly had proved an exception to the rule. He had married Evelyn against Lady Mary's will, and consequently without the blessing of Providence. After that, of course, she had never expected there would be a son, and with each year her anxiety to see Charles safely married had increased. He had seemed so amenable that at first she could hardly believe that the steed which she had led to waters of such divers merit would refuse to drink from any of them. If rank had no charm for him, which apparently it had not, she would try beauty. When beauty failed, even beauty with money in its hand, Lady Mary hesitated, and then fell back on goodness. But either the goodness was not good enough, or, as Lady Mary feared, it was not sufficiently High Church to be really genuine - even goodness failed. For three years she had strained every nerve, and at the end of them she was no nearer the object in view than when she began.

An inconvenient death of a sister, with whom she had long since quarrelled about Church matters (and who had now gone where her folly in differing from Lady Mary would be fully, if painfully, brought home to her), had prevented Lady Mary from continuing her designs this year in London. But if thwarted in one direction, she knew how to throw her energies into The first words she uttered inanother.

dicated what that direction was.

Evelyn's little remark about the dogcart, which had gone to meet Charles, had so long remained without any response, that she was about to coin another of the

same stamp, when Lady Mary suddenly said, with a decision that was intended to carry conviction to the heart of her companion, -

"It is an exceedingly suitable thing." Evelyn evidently understood what it was that was so suitable, but she made no

"A few years ago," continued Lady Mary, "I should have looked higher. should have thought Charles might have done better, but -

"He never could do better than--"said Evelyn, with a little mild flutter. "There is no one in the world

"Yes, yes, my dear, of course, we all know that," returned the elder lady. "She is much too good for him, and all the rest of it. A few years ago, I was saying, I might not have regarded it quite in the light I do now. Charles, with his distinguished appearance and his position, might have married anybody. But time passes, and I am becoming seriously anxious about him; I am, indeed. He is eight-and-thirty. In two years he will be forty; and at forty, you never know what a man may not do. It is a critical age even when they are married. Until he is forty, a man may be led under Providence into forming a connection with a woman of suitable age and family. After that age he will never look at any girl out of her teens, and either perpetrates a folly, or does not marry at all. If the Danvers family is not to become extinct, or to be dragged down by a mésalliance, measures must be taken at once."

Evelyn winced at the allusion to the extinction of the Danvers family, of which Charles and Ralph were the only representatives. She felt keenly having failed to give Ralph a son, and the sudden smart of the old hurt added a touch of sharpness to her usually gentle voice as she said, -

"I cannot see what has been left undone."

"No, my dear," said Lady Mary more suavely, "you have fallen in with my views most sensibly. I only hope Ralph

"Ralph knows nothing about it."

"Quite right. It is very much better he should not. Men never can be made to look at things in their proper light. They have no power of seeing an inch in front of them. Even Charles, who is less dense than most men, has never been allowed to form an idea of the plans which from time to time I have made for him. Nothing sets a man more against a mar-

riage than the idea that it has been put in his way. They like to think it is all their own doing, and that the whole universe will be taken by surprise when the engagement is given out. Charles is no exception to the rule. Our duty is to provide a wife for him, and then allow him to think his own extraordinary cleverness found her for himself. How old is this cousin of yours, Miss Deyncourt?"

"About three-and-twenty."

"Exceedingly suitable. Young, and yet She is not beautiful, but not too young. she is decidedly handsome, and very highbred looking, which is better than beauty. I know all about her family; good blood on both sides; no worsted thread. I forget if there is any money."

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This was a pious fraud on Lady Mary's part, as she was, of course, aware of the exact sum.

"Lady Deyncourt left her thirty thousand pounds," said Evelyn unwillingly. She hated herself for the part she was taking in her aunt's plans, although she had been so unable to support her feeble opposition by any show of reason that it had long since melted away before the consuming fire of Lady Mary's determined authority.

"Twelve hundred a year," said that lady. "I fear Lady Deyncourt was far, very far, from the truth, but she seems to have made an equitable will. I am glad Miss Deyncourt is not entirely without means; and she has probably something of her own as well. The more I see of that girl, the more convinced I am that she is the very wife for Charles. There is no objection to the match in any way, unless it lies in that disreputable brother, who seems to have entirely disappeared. Now, Evelyn, mark my words. vited her here at my wish, after I saw her with that dreadful Alwynn woman at the flower-show. You will never regret it. I am seventy-five years of age, and I have seen something of men and women. Those two will suit."

"Here comes the dog-cart," said Evelyn, with evident relief.
"Where is Miss Deyncourt?"

"She went off to Slumberleigh some time ago. She said she was going to the rectory, I believe."

"It is just as well.

Ah! here is Charles."

A tall, distinguished-looking man in a light overcoat came slowly round the corner of the house as she spoke, and joined them on the lawn. Evelyn went to meet him with evident affection, which met with

"Come and sit down here," said Evelyn, pulling forward a garden chair. "How

hot and tired you look!"

"I am tired to death, Evelyn. I went to London in May a comparatively young man. Aunt Mary said I ought to go, and so, of course, I went. I have come back not only sadder and wiser - that I would

try to bear - but visibly aged."

He took off his hat as he spoke, and wearily pushed back the hair from his forehead. Lady Mary looked at him over her spectacles with grave scrutiny. She had not seen her nephew for many months, and she was not pleased with what she saw. His face looked thin and worn, and she even feared she could detect a grey hair or two in the light hair and moustache. The tired, sarcastic eyes met hers.

"I was afraid you would think I had gone off," he said, half-shutting his eyes in the manner habitual to him. "I fear I took your exhortations too much to heart, and overworked myself in the good

cause.

"A season is always an exhausting thing," said Lady Mary; "and I dare say London is very hot now."

"Hot! It's more than hot. It is a solemn warning to evil-doers; a foretaste of a future state."

"I suppose everybody has left town by this time?" continued Lady Mary, who often found it necessary even now to ignore parts of her nephew's conversation.

"By everybody I know you mean one family. Yes, they are gone. Left London to-day. Consequently, I also conveyed my remains out of town, feeling that I had done my duty."

"Where is Ralph?" asked Evelyn, rising, dimly conscious that Charles and his aunt were conversing in an unknown tongue, and feeling herself de trop.

"I left him in the shrubbery. A stoat crossed the road before the horse's nose as we drove up, and Ralph, who seems to have been specially invented by Providence for the destruction of small vermin, was in attendance on it in a moment. had seen something of the kind before, so I came on."

Evelyn laid down her work, and went across the lawn, and round the corner of the house in the direction of the shrubbery, from which the voice of her lord and master "rose in snatches," as he plunged in and out among the laurels.

"And how is Lord Hope-Acton?" con- will ask her?"

as evident a return, and he then exchanged a more formal greeting with his aunt. tinued Lady Mary, with an air of elaborate unconcern. "I used to know him in old days as one of the best waltzers in London. I remember him very slim and elegant-looking; but I suppose he is quite elderly now, and has lost his figure, or so some one was saying."

"Not lost, but gone before, I should say, to judge by appearances," said Charles meditatively, gazing up into the

blue of the summer sky.

The mixed impiety and indelicacy of her nephew's remark caused a sudden twitch to the High Church embroidery in Lady Mary's hand; but she went on a moment later in her usual tone.

"And Lady Hope-Acton? Is she in

stronger health?"

"I believe she was fairly well; not robust, you know, but, like other fond mothers with daughters out, 'faint yet

pursuing."

Lady Mary bit her lip; but long experience had taught her that it was wiser to refrain from reproof, even when it was so urgently needed.

"And their daughter, Lady Grace? How beautiful she is! Was she looking as lovely as usual?"

"More so," replied Charles with conviction. "Her nose is even straighter, her eyelashes even longer than they were last summer. I do not hesitate to say that her complexion is all that her fancy paints it."

"You are so fond of joking, Charles, that I don't know when you are serious. And you saw a good deal of her?"

"Of course I did. I leant on the railings in the Row, and watched her riding with Lord Hope-Acton, whose personal appearance you feel such an interest in. At the meeting of the four-in-hand, was not she on the box-seat beside me? At Henley, were we not in the same boat? At Hurlingham, did we not watch polo together, and together drink our tea? At Lord's, did not I tear her new muslin garment in helping her up one of those poul-try ladders on the Torringtons' drag? Have I not taken her to dinner five several times? Have I not danced with her at balls innumerable? Have I not, in fact, seen as much of her as - of several others?"

"Oh, Charles!" said Lady Mary, "I wish you would talk seriously for one moment, and not in that light way. Have

you spoken?" "In a light way, I should say I had spoken a good deal; but seriously—no. I have never ventured to be serious."

"But you will be. After all this, you

"Aunt Mary," replied Charles, with gentle reproach, "a certain delicacy should be observed in probing the exact state of a man's young affections. At five and thirty (I know I am five and thirty, because you have told people so for the last three years, there exists a certain reticence in the youthful heart which declines to lay bare its inmost feelings even for an aunt to - we won't say peck at, but speculate upon. I have told you all I know. I have done what I was bidden to do, up to a certain point. I am now here to recruit, and restore my wasted energies, and possibly to heal (observe, I say possibly) my wounded affections in the intimacy of my family circle. That reminds me that little ungrateful imp Molly has not yet made the slightest demonatration of joy at my arrival. Where is she?" and without waiting for an answer, which he was well aware would not be forthcoming, Charles rose and strolled towards the house with his hands behind his back.

"Molly!" he called, "Molly!" standing bareheaded in the sunshine, under a certain latticed window, the iron bars of which suggested a nursery within.

There was a sudden answering cackle of delight, and a little brown head was thrust out amid the ivy.

"Come down this very moment, you little hard-hearted person, and embrace your old uncle."

"I'm comin', Uncle Charles, I'm comin'; "and the brown head disappeared, and a few seconds later a white frock and two slim black legs rushed round the corner, and Molly precipitated herself against the waistcoat of "Uncle Charles."

"What do you mean by not coming down and paying your respects sooner?" he said, when the first enthusiasm of his reception was over, looking down at Molly with a great kindness in the keen light eyes which had looked so apathetic and sarcastic a moment before.

As he spoke, Ralph Danvers, a square, ruddy man in grey knickerbockers, came triumphantly round from the shrubbery, holding by its tail a minute corpse with outstretched arms and legs.

"Got him!" he said, smiling and wiping ing his brow with honest pride. "See, Charles? See, Molly? Got him!"

"Don't bring it here, Ralph, please. We are going to have tea," came Evelyn's gentle voice from the lawn; and Ralph and the terrier Vic retired to hang the body of the slain upon a fir-tree on the back premises, the recognized long home of stoats and weasels at Atherstone.

Molly, in the presence of Lady Mary and the stick with the silver crook, was always more or less depressed and shy. She feft the pale cold eye of that lady was upon her, as indeed it generally was, if she moved or spoke. She did not therefore join in the conversation as freely as was her wont in the family circle, but sat on the grass by her uncle, watching him with adoring eyes, trying to work the signet ring off his big little finger, which in the memory of man—of Molly, I mean—had never been known to work off, while she gave him the benefit of small pieces of local and personal news in a half whisper from time to time as they occurred to her.

"Cousin Ruth is staying here, Uncle Charles."

"Indeed," said Charles absently.
His eyes had wandered to Evelyn taking Ralph his cup of tea, and giving him a look with it which he returned — the quiet grave look of mutual confidence which sometimes passes between married people, and which for the moment makes the single state seem very single indeed.

Molly saw that he had not heard, and that she must try some more exciting topic in order to rivet his attention.

"There was a mouse at prayers yesterday, Uncle Charles."

Uncle Charles was attending again now. Molly gave an exact account of the great event, and of how "Nanny" had gathered her skirts round her, and how James had laughed, only father did not see him, and how — There was a great deal more, and the story ended tragically for the mouse, whose final demise under a shovel when prayers were over Molly described in graphic detail.

"And how are the guinea pigs?" asked Charles, putting down his cup.

"Come and see them," whispered Molly, insinuating her small hand delightedly into his big one; and they went off together, each happy in the society of the other. Charles was introduced to the guinea pigs, which had multiplied exceedingly since he had presented them, the one named after him being even then engaged in rearing a large family.

Then, after Molly had copiously watered her garden, and Charles's unsuspecting boots at the same time, objects of interest still remained to be seen and admired; confidences had to be exchanged; inner pockets in Charles's waistcoat to be explored; and it was not till the dressingbell and the shrill voice of Nanny from

an upper window recalled them, that the friends returned towards the house.

As they turned to go indoors, Charles saw a tall, white figure skimming across the stretches of low sunshine and long shadow in the field beyond the garden, and making swiftly for the garden gate.

"Oh, Molly, Molly!" he said, in a tone of sudden consternation, squeezing the little brown hand in his. "Who is that?"

Molly looked at him astonished. A moment ago Uncle Charles had been talking

merrily, and now he looked quite sad.
"It's only Ruth," she said reassuringly.
"Who is Ruth?"

"Cousin Ruth," replied Molly. "I told you she was here."

"She's not staying here?"

"Yes, she is. She is rather nice, only she says the guinea pigs smell nasty, which isn't true. She will be late" with evident concern - "if she is going to be laced up; and I know she is, because I saw it on her bed. She doesn't

see us yet. Let us go and meet her."
"Run along then," said Charles, in a tone of deep dejection, loosing Molly's hand. "I think I'll go indoors.

#### CHAPTER IV.

" I've done Uncle Charles a button-hole, and put it in his water-bottle," said Molly, in an important affairé whisper, as she came into Ruth's room a few minutes before dinner, where Ruth and her maid were struggling with a black lace dress. "Mrs. Jones, you must be very quick. Why do you have pins in your mouth, Mrs. Jones? James has got his coat on, and he is going to ring the bell in one minute. I told him you had only just got your hair done; but he said he could not help that. Uncle Charles," peeping through the door, "is going down now, and he's got on a beautiful white waistcoat. He's brought that nice Mr. Brown with him that unpacks his things and plays on the concertina. Ah! there's the bell;" and Molly hurried down to give a description of the exact stage at which Ruth's toilet had arrived, which Ruth cut short by appearing hard upon her heels.

"It is a shame to come indoors now, isn't it?" said Charles, as he was introduced and took her in to dinner in the wake of Lady Mary and Ralph. "Just the first cool time of the day."

"Is it?" said Ruth, still rather pink with her late exertions. "When I heard the dressing-bell ring across the fields, and the last gate would not open, and I found the railings through which I precipitated in the discussion between Ralph and Eve-

myself had been newly painted, I own I thought it had never been so hot all day.

"How trying it is to be forgotten!" said Charles, after a pause. "We have met before, Miss Devncourt; but I see you don't remember me. I gave you time to recollect me by throwing out that little remark about the weather; but it was no good."

Ruth glanced at him and looked puz-

zled.

"I am afraid I don't," she said at last. "I have seen you playing polo once or twice, and driving your four-in-hand; but I thought I only knew you by sight. When did we meet before?"

"You have no recollection of a certain ball after some theatricals at Stoke Moreton which you and your sister came to, as

little girls in pigtails?"

"Of course I remember that. And

were you there?"

"Was I there? Oh, the ingratitude of woman! Did not I dance three times with each of you, and suggest chicken at supper instead of lobster salad? Does not the lobster salad awaken memories? Surely you have not forgotten that?"

Ruth began to smile. "I remember now. So you were the kind man, name unknown, who took such care of Anna and

me? How good-natured you were!"
"Thanks! You evidently do remember now, if you say that. I recognized you at once when I saw you again, by your likeness to your brother Raymond. You were very like him then, but much more so now. How is he?

Ruth's dark-grey eyes shot a sudden, surprised glance at him. People had sel-

dom of late inquired after Raymond.
"I believe he is quite well," she replied in a constrained tone. "I have not heard

from him for some time."

"It is some years since I met him," said Charles, noting but ignoring her change of tone. "I used to see a good deal of him before he went to - was it America? I heard from him about three years ago. He was prospecting, I think, at that time."

Ruth remembered that Charles had succeeded his father about three years ago. She remembered also Raymond's capacities for borrowing. A sudden instinct told her what the drift of that letter had been. The blood rushed into her face.

"Oh! he didn't - did he?"

The other three people were talking together; Lady Mary, opposite, was joining with a bland smile of inward satisfaction

nas and Plymouth Rocks.

"If he did," said Charles quietly, "it was only what we had often done for each other before. There was a time, Miss Deyncourt, when your brother and I both rowed in the same boat; and both I fancy, split on the same rock. It is not so long ago since -

There was a sudden silence. chicken question was exhausted. dropped dead. Charles left his sentence unfinished, and, turning to his brother, the

conversation became general.

In the evening, when the others had said good-night, Charles and Ralph went out into the cool half-darkness to smoke, and paced up and down on the lawn in the soft summer night. The two brothers had not met for some time, and in an undemonstrative way they had a genuine affection for each other, which showed itself on this occasion in walking about together without exchanging a word.

At last Charles broke the silence. thought, when I settled to come down here, you said you would be alone?" There was a shade of annoyance in his

"Well, now, that is just what I said at the time," said Ralph sleepily, with a yawn that would have accommodated a Jonah, "only I was told I did not understand. They always say I don't understand, if they're set on anything. I thought you wanted a little peace and quietness. I said so; but Aunt Mary settled we must have some one. I say, Charles," with a chuckle of deep masculine cunning, "you just look out. There's some mystery up about Ruth. I believe Aunt Mary got Evelyn to ask her here with an eye to business."

"I would not do Aunt Mary the injustice to doubt that for a moment," replied Charles rather bitterly; and they relapsed

into silence and smoke.

Presently Ralph, who had been out all day, yawned himself into the house, and left Charles to pace up and down by him-

self.

If Lady Mary, who was at that moment composing herself to slumber in the best spare bedroom, had heard the gist of Ralph's remarks to his brother, I think she would have risen up and confronted him then and there on the stairs. As it was, she meditated on her couch with much satisfaction, until the sleep of the just came upon her, little recking that the

lyn as to the rival merits of Cochin Chi- torn the veil from her carefully concealed and deeply laid feminine plans.

Charles, meanwhile, remained on the lawn till late into the night. After two months of London smuts, and London smoke, and London nights, the calm, scented darkness had a peculiar charm for him. The few lights in the windows were going out one by one, and thousands and thousands were coming out in the quiet sky. Through the still air came the sound of a corncrake perpetually winding up its watch at regular intervals in a field hard by. A little desultory breeze hovered near, and just roused the sleepy trees to whisper a good-night. And Charles paced

and paced, and thought of many things.
Only last night! His mind went back to the picture-gallery where he and Lady Grace had sat, amid a grove of palms and flowers. Through the open archway at a little distance came a flood of light, and a surging echo of plaintive, appealing music. It was late, or rather early, for morning was looking in with cold, dispassionate eyes through the long windows. The gallery was comparatively empty for a London gathering, for the balconies and hall were crowded, and the rooms were thinning. To all intents and purposes they were alone. How nearly — how nearly he had asked for what he knew would not have been refused! How nearly he had decided to do at once what might still be put off till to-morrow! And he must marry. He often told himself so. She was there beside him on the yellow brocade ottoman. She was much too good for him; but she liked him. Should he do it? Now? he asked himself, as he watched the slender gloved hand swaying the feather fan with monotonous languor.

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But when he took her back to the ballroom, back to an expectant, tired mother, he had not done it. He should be at their house in Scotland later. He thought he would wait till then. He breathed a long sigh of relief in the quiet darkness now, at the thought that he had not done it. He had a haunting presentiment, that neither in the purple heather, any more than in a London ball-room, would he be able to pass beyond that "certain point, to which in divers companionship, with or without assistance, he had so often at-

For Charles was genuinely anxious to marry. He regarded with the greatest interest every eligible and ineligible young woman whom he came across. If Lady Mary had been aware of the very serious clumsy hand of brutal man had even then light in which he had considered Miss

Louisa Smith, youngest daughter of a certain curate Smith, who in his youth had been originally extracted from a refreshment-room at Liverpool to become an ornament of the Church, that lady would have swooned with horror. But neither Miss Louisa Smith, with her bun-andsandwich ancestry, nor the eighth Lord Breakwater's young and lovely sister, though both willing to undertake the situation, were either of them finally offered it. Charles remained free as air, and a dreadful stigma gradually attached to him as a heartless flirt, and a perverter of young girls' minds from men of more solid worth. A man who pleases easily and is hard to please soon gets a bad name among - mothers. I don't think Lady Hope-Acton thought very kindly of him, as she sped up to Scotland in the night mail.

Perhaps he was not so much to blame as she thought. Long ago, ten long years ago, in the reckless days of which Lady Mary had then made so much and now made so little, poor Charles had been deeply in love with a good woman, a gentle, quiet girl, who after a time had married his brother Ralph. No one had suspected his attachment, Ralph and Evelyn least of all, but several years elapsed before he found time to visit them at Atherstone; and I think his fondness for Molly had its origin in his feeling for her mother. Even now it sometimes gave him a momentary pang to meet the adoration in Molly's eyes, which, with their dark lashes, she had copied so exactly from Evelvn's.

And now that he could come with ease on what had been forbidden ground, he had seen of late clearly, with the insight that comes of dispassionate consideration, that Evelyn, the only woman whom he had ever earnestly loved, whom he would have turned heaven and earth to have been able to marry, had not been in the least suited to him, and that to have married her would have entailed a far more bitter disappointment than the loss of her had been.

Evelyn made Ralph an admirable wife. She was so placid, so gentle, and - with the exception of muddy boots in the drawing-room - so unexacting. It was sweet to see her read to Molly, but did she never take up a book or a paper? What she said was always gracefully put forth; but oh! in old days, used she in that same she was not Ralph's wife), so mildly but lirium. Who can wonder at this? Such

so firmly to adhere to a preconceived opinion? Had she formerly such fixed opinions on every subject in general, and on new-laid eggs and the propriety of chicken-hutches on the lawn in particular? Disillusion may be for our good, like other disagreeable things, but it is seldom pleasant at the time, and is apt to leave in all except the most conceited natures (whose lifelong mistakes are committed for our learning) a strange self-distrustful caution behind, which is mortally afraid of making a second mistake of the same

Charles suddenly checked his pacing. And yet surely, surely, he said to himself, there were in the world, somewhere, good women of another stamp, who might be found for diligent seeking.

He turned impatiently to go indoors. "Oh, Molly, Molly!" he said half aloud, gazing at the darkened windows behind which the body of Molly was sleeping, while her little soul was frisking away in fairyland, "why did you complicate mat-ters by being a little girl?" With which reflection he brought his meditations to a close for the night.

#### From The Cornhill Magazine. VENICE IN SPRING.

PEOPLE who write about Venice are, more often than not, lamentably like lov-They rave about "the jewel in the waters," the tender hues of its heavens at all hours of the day, and even of the night, the unutterable charm of its decay, the romance of its history, the amiability of its men and women, and (mirabile dictu) its boys, and the infinite sweetness of the bond which subtly attaches them to the dear mouldering old city of the lagoons precisely as a lovelorn youth prates of his mistress's eyebrows. Their Shibboleth, mistress's eyebrows. Their hibboleth, like that of the lover's, is not understanded of the people. Only they who are in the secret have any sympathy with it.

Now such a strain, however harmonious, is, I think, apt to irritate honest people who stay at home at ease, crystallized into contentment, and who like their literature to suggest that their course of life is out of question the wisest possible. One sees its parallel effect in the heaving of the shoulders and the pursing of the lips of gentle voice to utter such platitudes, such little stereotyped remarks? Used she in try lane, comes at hazard upon a pair of the palmy days that were no more (when sweethearts in the first stage of their dewriters are both impolitic and selfish. upon all from the blue heavens, so that they desired to recommend to the goodwill of others. Dispraise is often kinder than faint praise or over-praise. And, on the other hand, by their dithyramb, they make one fancy that it is not Venice they are in love with, so much as their own delightful powers of description; that, in fact, they forget their subject, and remember only themselves. Even so the lover who dotes on the fair face of his mistress loves her the more that he beholds his own reflection in her beautiful eyes.

In the following jottings I propose to be impartial and matter-of-fact. To my readers I leave it to clothe the dry bones with as much or as little of the ideal as

may please them.

I arrived in Venice one sunny March afternoon, after a ride through the cheerful campagna east of Verona. The Alps and their lesser brethren to the south of them were alike thick in snow, and, as the wind was from the north, spite of the blue sky the air was keen. The discreet fig-trees had not put forth their leaves; the vine stems, like so many snakes petrified in the act of contortion, were as dark and still as if they were dead.

Early spring is not the season when tourists flock in crowds to Venice. One is not then, therefore, pestered beyond endurance by gondola-men and hotel agents. It is possible to slip through their hands, and creep into one of the Venetian hearses, before they have realized that there is a prey to be fought for. A signal to the oarsman, and one glides off into mid-channel with sweet, silent swift-

ness

I have called the gondola a hearse. Where is the person who, upon the first eager introduction to the gondola, has not felt that he is stepping into his coffin when, with scant grace, he creeps into the black cabin of the lithe black boat? With me the impression was perhaps deepened because in our passage up the canal we twice made way for a funeral procession, bound for the island cemetery to the north The one funeral was that of a girl. She lay under a blue pall in the middle of the boat, a crown of white flowers, symbolical of her virginity, being over the pall. The other was a youth, whose tender age was marked by the crimson pall. Both were flanked by tall After the bodies came the friends in other gondolas, priests in violet, and acolytes in scarlet. The sun blazed had a kitchen garden of pumpkins among

They would know better than to exhaust even this dolorous scene, enacted on the their vocabulary in laud of a friend whom smooth purpled water, between the high mildewed old palazzi, was not wholly

melancholy.

Having shot the arches of the Rialto, we turned to the left, down a side canal as gloomy as a pit, and so shallow and clear that the egg-shells, fish-bones, and broken bottles which littered its bed could be seen as in an aquarium. Other unpleasant household refuse came tumbling upon the boat from a lofty window as we sped along, and, the tide being at the ebb from low to high, the prevalent odor was foul. It is not well to go behind the scenes even in

Venice, you see.

I had now to fix my anchor for a month or two. Of course Venice teems with hotels, though they are certainly less grandiose than one expects to find them. But they are unrestful abodes, in which one never looks upon the same face three days together, and outside which hoarse fisher-folk find it profitable night after night to wail songs of sentiment and the sea, from boats with colored lamps and the like fripperies. It is dreadful also to sit to dine with a new species of enthusiastic old spinster evening after evening, and to relate the oft-told tale that it devolves upon a veteran stager in his reluctant character of cicerone to tell. therefore rowed to a cosy little corte, and in a trice I was lodged in quarters fit for a general.

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Let me describe them. The corte, or square, was small, but comprised a sufficiency of pavement, in the middle of which was the corte well, a handsome excrescence of reddish granite, with a chiselled neck. The environing houses were each five stories high, and as each story held an individual or a family distinct from the rest, the society of faces was quite extensive. Some families loved flowers and canary birds. Their balconies were full of potted bloom and plants, suspended in wire baskets, and birds sang in their cages from the midst of the pretty hanging gardens, as if the delusion were much to their taste. Two or three lawyers (avvocati) here had their chambers, and from my windows I could see them writing, or yawning, or smoking cigarettes, according to their humor. The residents of the top stories were less visible, though their clothes seemed to be perennially upon the line. But now and then, looking up, I chanced to see a maiden upon the roof at a terrible height. I believe she

the chimneypots, and the plants had to be | watered. She carolled at her airy exercise, and when the postman in the corte below intimated by a number of rings at the bell that he had a letter for one so near the skies, she let down a basket for the missive. As for the basements of our corte, they were in the hands of honorable merchants. One sold diamonds, and his visitors were notable for their hooked Another was occupied by a select kind of cabinet-maker. The apprentices of the latter tenant were indeed the only permanent distraction to our peace, and their pranks were mild by the English standard. Thus they never even attempted to trip up the blind mendicants with concertinas who sometimes voyaged to our corte by an unfrequented alley that might well have had a boom of string drawn They were content across its entrance. to hoot at them in a dismal manner through a broken pane in their workshop window.

My rooms were on the first floor, and "respectable beyond everything," to borrow the words of my landlady - a person of patrician blood, whom I used occasionally to behold smoking a cigar by the banisters. From two large French windows with balconies, I looked upon the corte and its trivial vicissitudes. The suite consisted of two elegant apartments with frescoed ceilings, for which I find by the written agreement before me that I paid but sixty-five francs the month, including the morning roll and coffee, the nightly candle, the stove, linen, boot-cleaning, and a systematic brushing of my clothes. Two fair, blue-eyed daughters of the house and a coarse but hearty-faced Venetian domestic were at my beck and call for all reasonable services besides. One or other of these damsels entered my bedroom in the morning, when she judged it time for me to get up, and with a cheery greeting opened the shutters and slanted One or other of them, late the venetians. at night, put the seal of goodfellowship upon the day by coming to see that there was enough candle to carry me to bed, and to wish me a "Buona notte, e buon' riposo."

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The fresco of my bedchamber deserves to be particularized. It was a bold and effective picture of a dissipated-looking lady, wearing a wreath of roses, sitting upon a cloud, and touching the strings of a lyre. By each side of her was a swart attendant cherub. The one was offering her a dagger, and the other a flute and a manuscript sheet of very illegible writing.

cepted; but, for my part, had I been she, I would have taken the dagger rather than the bad writing. At her feet two turtle-doves stood beak to beak. The whole composition was of course an allegory, and as no one could explain it to me it bore many interpretations. Tiepolo himself has done better work, but none with

which I grew more familiar.

Such, in brief, was my Venetian eyrie, from which I issued at will to view the city and its treasures. Here I dwelt for weeks, in the enjoyment of the most free and tranquil life conceivable. For among other privileges for the sixty-five francs monthly, I was entitled to a latch-key weighing an avoirdupois pound; and, save for the intermittent coughing of the wife of the artillery captain who slept in the adjacent room, from sunset to midnight

the corte was soundless.

As I was bound, I visited San Marco the famous before I saw aught else in Venice. Every day I repeated the visit -sometimes five or six times in a day. Thus its very gutter-spouts soon became old acquaintances. Never was there a church that so ineffectually blazoned forth Externally, with its its magnificence. swelling domes, golden finials, and flourish of marble feather work, it smites the imagination into wild activity. But within, though one knows that it is made of marble and precious stones enough to pay the national debt of a small kingdom, one sees nothing until the eye is used to the gloom, and then not very much. Its admirable pavement of mosaic is so curiously undulated that one has to get one's sea-legs before attempting to walk from porch to choir. If it be wet outside (as in spring it is four days in six) the slipperiness of the mosaic adds to the hardship of locomotion. Moreover, every marble column in the basilica has its cripple, its hunch-back, or its dwarf, who affrights the unwary by his poor distorted body as he pleads for alms through the darkness that is not darkness to him. Knots of tourists, peering here and there with eyeglasses and binoculars, and dropping their "Baedekers;" artists heroically painting pictures which all look like vignettes in a London fog; snuffling sacristans with divers strange legends upon their tongues, which they recount to new-comers for fivepences; the clicking of hammer and chisel from scaffolding overhead; the passage to and fro of large, loose-limbed priests, whose shoe-buckles illumine the obscurity like lamps; and the frequent chant from the I never knew which of the things she ac- choir, or the low, methodical hum of the

services,—these various sights and sounds compose the impression left by the inte-

rior of the basilica.

But what a difference a few score candles made in the dear old building! An evening service in it was something to remember. One such I mind that had its humorous as well as its solemn features. It was on Holy Wednesday. I entered the church in the wake of sundry bowed ecclesiastics, who held their skirts like dainty ancient dames. An inclosed and carpeted space in the middle of the nave declared that something unusual was impending. A gilded throne was there, set facing to the east, and chairs by the throne. The choir was already full of throne. clergy in a bravery of vestments. Soon they formed into a procession, and with much clatter of heels and turning out of toes they marched towards a dusky chapel in the north transept. There they met and greeted the most reverend the patriarch of the diocese, whom I had never yet seen, and who was to take a part in the evening's function. His Eminence was a tall, massy old man, with a strong but heavy profile, and that illusive demeanor of humility which it cannot be very difficult, and is always very gracious, for a churchman of high and sure estate to assume. He wore robes of purple, a hood of ermine, and a scarlet biretta. Under the biretta was, further, a skull-cap. The other dignitaries were also very splendid in white silk mitres, crimson robes, and lace; but his Eminence alone wore the regal scarlet.

The service was held in the choir, the darkness being tempered by but four or five long waxen candles. The light was quite inadequate to do more than cast a glimmer on the breviaries of the clergy. We of the congregation watched the priestly heads as they fell lower and lower towards their books; and we hearkened for our edification to the cracked and quavering voices, the echoes of which eddied away into the roof of the building. The patriarch was as hard set as the rest. But at length, when his Eminence had touched the book with his nose in his efforts to read the page, a stir arose. Whether the strain on his eyes made an infraction of the rubric permissible, or whether what followed was part of the rubric, I know not. Ten or twelve of the clergy left their seats, babbling at each other, and returned with some coils of wax, one of which they stuck on the back of the patriarch's stall, while others were day, sit shivering over the earthen pots of

clergy engaged in one of their many Lenten | sparsely studded over the choir. From our nether gloom, we now gazed at his Eminence's corrugated profile as at a planet on a starry night. But the drone of chants and responses grew tedious after a time. Even the patriarch seemed to find them so, for he gaped before all of us in an elephantine manner again and again, nor ever put his hand to his mouth.

On Easter day this same venerable prelate had to be fortified through yet longer services. He was fed at intervals, behind the altar, from a basin of broth, a number of inferior clergy standing round him with clasped hands while he ate; and when he mounted the pulpit a glass of milk accompanied him. His snuffbox provided him with additional stimulant. Indeed, their snuffboxes were at all times more indispensable to most of the clergy than their breviaries. They placed them on the ledge by the book, and with jewelled fingers, having lovingly tapped them repeatedly, they opened them to inhale the savory dust. During a certain litany, in which the officiating priest had to utter in succession several times the lament, "Mea culpa! mea culpa!" he did not scruple to interpolate a pinch of snuff between his " mea culpas."

The other churches of Venice ought, in spring, to be visited with discretion. Their chilling damp reaches to the marrow. The huge, icy, marble tombs of the doges, which cover their walls, reek with moisture. It is amazing how the can-vases of Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, and the other hundred painters of the Venetian school whose pictures adorn their altars have so well fought against the attacks of time. One would hardly be surprised to see them prolific in various kinds of fungi, or at least obscured by the green mould which clogs the pedestals of the tombs. Yet many of them seem as fresh as at the outset, and few are completely

obliterated.

In my rambles from church to church in pursuit of the arts, I carried an overcoat on my arm, and clad myself with it inside the edifice. I believe a certain German guide-book counsels its clients to take plaids with them on the like excursions. At any rate, one day in San Giorgio Maggiore, there was a sudden influx of some two dozen Teuton men, specially conducted from the north, each of whom covered his shoulders with a plaid of the same pattern ere he stepped eastward from the door. The very beggar women, who find shelter in the churches during the

glowing charcoal which they have the inasmuch as he assails the Church as wit to bring with them. From their charcoal they steal forth towards the devout upon their knees, and with coughs and groans of simulated affliction, and a multitude of assurances that they will pray for their benefactor, extend their withered arms for halfpence. Only in the evening, when the Venetians flock to the churches to hear some renowned Lenten preacher, and hundreds of candles twinkle from triangular stands placed in picturesque disarray among the people; when the friar of this or that order, crucifix in hand, storms from the pulpit such merciless indictments of the sins of the world, and the sins of the Venetians in particular, that his hearers breathe in quick hot gasps, and seem never to tire of crossing themselves. - only then is there any warmth in these stately temples of the dead and the living. The rattle of the money-boxes on these occasions seems to give the lie to the Venetian journals, which make Lent a special season for impressing upon their readers that the average priest is a far worse man than an editor.

The irreligion of the Italians is by this time a byword for Europe. Yet I fancy that if the peasantry and artisans of Italy had the same chance of telling the world how their sympathies run as their betters, who claim to guide them, we should hear less of this irreligiousness. They are not less religious than of yore, but more intel-ligent. They are more troubled by doubts, and less convinced by the old priestly half-menacing reminder that a doubt is brother-in-law to a sin. That there is error somewhere they are at least beginning to perceive, dimly or less dimly. This error, however, is not in the Church herself; it is only in the hierarchy. jeers and scoffs of which the unwieldy forms of the priests are the butt, as they stumble unconcernedly through the streets of an Italian town (especially in Venice), are personal pleasantries. I have heard a couple of Venetians in smockfrocks hail the clergy in a procession as "Fat pigs!"
"Lazy dogs!" "Petticoated men!" and the like; but they have uncovered their heads when the host passed, borne by one of these "fat pigs" or "lazy dogs."

Of course this abuse has its grades of refinement, like the abusers themselves. The low, insulting epithets of bakers, waiters, or butcher-boys in blue, would be out of place in the mouth of an avvo-

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well as its ministers. Again, perhaps the religious indifference of the patrician Venetians is the hardest blow of all. It is not difficult to perceive how they stand. They have brothers, sons, and nephews in the stalls of San Marco, San Salvatore, the It is a matter of Frari, or elsewhere. noblesse oblige quite as much as the evident unwisdom of the bird that befouls its own nest. But the majority of them never attend mass; and when religious concerns are mentioned to them in a serious tone they lift their eyebrows, and, with a shrug of the shoulder, smile with the tender reproach of contempt that none knows better how to apply than the idle descendant of a long-departed doge.

Among the few thoroughly popular social institutions of modern Venice is that of the promenade. Of old the Venetians rode horses. Jousts and tourneys enlivened the Piazza of San Marco, and fair ladies, as spectators, dazzled the eyes of foreign ambassadors from the windows of the governmental buildings on three sides of the Piazza, which are now the Venetian Palais Royal, or Regent Street. The Piazza was very different then from what it is. It was turfed, bisected by a little canal, and planted with trees in avenues. But horses, and the turf and trees of the Piazza, are now equally extinct in Venice. The gondola is Venice's only horse, and the Piazza is one broad level of trampled soil and pavement - the finest promenade in Christendom.

Carpaccio and his compeers have left us delicious pictures of Venice in the olden times. They make one mute with a sort of envious admiration of the color and energy of Venetian life when Carpaccio lived. His contemporaries in gowns or doublets of yellow or purple silk, crimson hose, and scarlet caps, bright with various jewels, and strung with gold chains, in defiance of sumptuary laws, were fitting mates for their great singular head, the doge, who moved about in cloth of gold, and for the lovely Venetian dames and damsels, who staggered visitors, alike by their gorgeous apparel, their low dresses, and their winsome faces. But all this extravagance of color has departed, like the doge himself. The men and women to be seen on promenade any fine spring day between three and five o'clock do not appeal to æsthetic British eyes.

cato; but the attack upon the clergy of the avvocato, who may be one of the editors just mentioned, is far more deadly, in the name of proportion do they wear

ending in an upward curve like the prow of the gondola? Heaven knows their coats are ill-fitting enough, but that is relatively a minor defect. They seem to borrow the prints of their fashion-books from two or three continents. For, while their collars are as high and obnoxious as our own at present, and their boots suggestive of China or Japan, they cut their hair as close as the French or a New Yorker. It is indeed a fearfully comic sight to see a young Venetian nobleman on promenade, leading a bull-dog or a shorn poodle by a string, smoking a long cigar called a Virginia, and twirling a cane with the primrose kid-covered fingers of his left hand. This, however, must be said in praise of him; that, thus weighted with personal cares, he yet contrives to acknowledge a hundred salutations in an hour with due elaborateness and dexterity.

Nor is the Venetian lady of our day more contenting than the man. Not one feminine face in fifty delays a passing stranger. Their gait too is mincing and self-conscious, as if they still had a touch of the discomfort their granddams must have felt when they wore heels twelve inches high to their boots, and could not move without a brace of crutches. Only in their vivacity do they seem to excel our own dear English girls. Another disappointment must be registered against them. One looks to find in them, as a common and bewitching characteristic, that light red-golden hair which is currently called Venetian, and which Titian gives his "Bella" in the Pitti Gallery. It is in fact rarer in Venice than in London, and much rarer than in the United Indeed, as the earlier Venetians gained the fame of it by artificial means, it is but natural that, unless they'continued to practise these means, they should fail to confirm their ancient reputation.

The process of training for a blonde was in the sixteenth century a somewhat serious one. The aspirant took dragon's blood (i.e., the resinous gum of the dragontree), ashes, egg-shells, sulphur, orange-peel, soap, and sundry other trifles, all which she boiled into association over a With the essence of this mixture she assiduously bathed and sponged her When her locks were deemed to be saturated sufficiently, to dry them, she was wont to ascend to the roof of the house, and there sit in the sun, with a straw zone like the detached brim of a hat fastened round her head, to protect her from solar

such absurdly large boots, and with toes | other artists in hair in these days would despise such an antediluvian method of dye as this; but in the sixteenth century they knew no better, and the result extorted admiration even from Moslem strangers. Nowadays, the prevailing color of hair in Venice is black. The blue eyes that are still so common a heritage ought to be in easier affinity with it than they are.

After the young bloods of the city, one remarks the older men. The elderly ladies (if indeed there are such beings) may be passed over with courteous neglect. They (if they exist) are distinctly less interesting than their male coevals. Many an innocent laugh have I had at the expense of the latter. They are such preternaturally wise old gentlemen, so careful not to wet their feet in the puddles of the Piazza, not to catch cold by loitering in the draughts of the arcades, not to permit a single wrinkle in their well-moulded coats, not to have a hair out of its place on their cheeks and chins, and, above all, not to miss the pretty faces of England and America, which so piquantly and bountifully brighten their staid methodical exist-ences. To see two of these spruce old bucks together is comedy as good as Goldoni's. The one extends one finger of his gloved hand to the other, who duly and solemnly shakes it, with a tender in-quiry after his health. Then, having peeped in each other's snuffboxes, each with one forearm firmly buttressed into the hollow of his yielding back, they agree to totter up and down the promenade in company. They have of course little that is informing to say to one another. they find such satisfaction in each other as a pair of inebriates who agree to stand back to back in a public street. With their rolling eyes ever on the alert for beauty, they walk till their legs rebel. Then they step aside into the Café Quadri, on the north of the Piazza, to begin talk in earnest over their coffee, stimulated by youthful reminiscences and the pains in their wearied limbs.

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And what talk it is! It is public property, so I do not hesitate to reproduce some of it. When they have sighed, yawned, hummed an opera snatch or two, murmured "Miseri noi!" almost in unison, sipped half their coffee, and lit a fresh Virginia, then, with his fat hands uplifted and his eyebrows arched, one of them opens the ball of the afternoon's scandal with hints of his latest amorous attachment. The attachment is platonic inconvenience. No doubt Mrs. Allen and to the core, absoluely fanciful and ideal; and his friend will cap it with another | Venetian rule here survive. Paoli Sarpi, such. It is much the same in the nineteenth century as when Petrarch lived, and when he wrote from Venice bewailing the free and iniquitous way in which every one calumniated his neighbor.

"I have just seen a truly beautiful little girl," says in a stage whisper the first

gossip.

"Ah!" exclaims the other, the welloiled and smooth folds of his black hair seeming to lift from his ears in the energy of his interested curiosity, "a stranger, without doubt?"

"Inglese, I think. Oh, beautiful to a

marvel, and with long hair!"

"Per Dio! with long hair, you say?" "Assuredly. Ah! sometimes they are charming, these English little ones, and" (in a tone of surprise) "very intelligent also."

"Well, well, I hope I too may see her."
"Why not? This one has black eyes - not without expression, I assure you."

"Expression! ha! ha! so much the

Then the old gentlemen put up their glasses, and rigorously examine the crowd which passes backwards and forwards by the windows of the café; commenting at intervals, with the slyest of chuckles, upon the continued good looks of such and such a lady friend, the unnatural pallor of some one else, and the manifest daily increase of weakness in the legs of old Count This or That.

At length the clock with the dramatic figures at the north-east corner of the Piazza strikes five, the regimental band plays the final air of the afternoon, and the ancient gossips toddle off to their palazzi, to begin their toilet for dinner, and the box at the theatre after dinner. A few nursemaids, with long white or blue streamers from their heads, and quaint spiral gold ornaments in their hair, frequent the Piazza for a little while after the band has departed. But their babies, sumptuous in robes of velvet and silk em. broidered with lace, seem to like the music rather than the movement, and they do not conform to the promenade code of manners when this has ceased.

The cafés of the Piazza of San Marco soon become as attractive to the sojourning stranger as anything in Venice. What a huge amount of time they tempt one to kill in gazing forth from their window-seats upon promenaders, band, and basilica! They are oddly small places, compared

in his formal documentary counsel to the State, advised that "care be taken to prevent the people from flocking together in too great numbers." This is why such famous resorts as Florian's and the Quadri consist, not of one or two spacious chambers, coruscating with mirrors, chandeliers, and gilded cornices, but of a group of little square or oblong rooms, entered by separate doors or from each other. Each room has a tendency to develop into an informal club, wherein a strange face is a surprise, if not an intrusion. During the Austrian occupation of Venice these cafés were, by the same process, places for political assignations. An Italian patriot would as soon have thought of entering the Quadri as an Austrian the Specchi; while a Laodicean in politics had the Florian for his solace. In the eighteenth century, when Goldoni, Gozzi, and Chiari contested for the headship in Venetian comedy, the cafés were for Goldoni or Gozzi, just as later for Italy or Austria. The two or three more homely houses on the south-east of the Piazza, with such placards as "Scoch wiskey" in their windows, are for Anglo-Saxon and other mariners of the cosmopolitan school in beverages; while the still rougher cafés round the corner, facing the doge's palace, across the Piazetta, are devoted to the fisher-folk of the lagoons, and the seamen plying between Venice and Trieste.

The tranquillity of the Venetian cafés, whether their patrons are counts or fishermen, is rather remarkable. They are true havens of rest. The language may be strong, yet it seldom eventuates in coarse deeds. The middle-aged gentlemen who while away the hours over a draught-board do not, for example, get passionate, as elsewhere, and throw draughts and board at each other and the bystanders. The old Venetians were notable swearers, like their posterity - so much so that one yet sees, embedded in the outer walls of churches and by-streets, stone tablets on which the "Committee for Punishing Blasphemy" (one of the many subordinate branches of the Venetian civic administration) warned the people that they blasphemed at their peril - that the lash, the prison, the galley, and the fine would be their reward if they were convicted. Other writings on the wall pronounce the curse of God (fulmina il Signor Iddio maleditione) upon all who allow their children to be brought up in the foundling with the gigantic establishments of other hospitals, being possessed of the means Italian cities. The ancient traditions of to provide for them. Indeed, in some

respects, it was a grandmotherly rule, this of Venice over her people. In 1268, rightly enough, a law was passed, prohibiting people from playing about in the porch or any part of the basilica, though chess and draughts might be indulged in elsewhere in public. The citizens were also all summoned to their daily respective tasks in shops, offices, or warehouses by a certain dreadful morning bell, contempt of which was doubtless an inferior sort of treason. It was a State crime to go abroad in other than a black gondola, after one precious edict. And laws were enunciated about ladies' headdresses and other apparel, the amount of a girl's dowry, and the value of the furniture of a private house. It is a wonder their Excellencies the administrators did not prescribe the color of the complexions of the fair Venetians; for if it was a general custom (as it was unquestionably a common one) for scrupulous ladies to retire to rest with strips of raw veal soaked in milk upon their cheeks, the market price of meat must have been affected by the complexion

Venice in her prime was in truth nothing but a great shop, with branch shops in different parts of the world, commercial travellers in the guise of ambassadors at various courts, a number of important supervising shopmen called counsellors, and a picturesque but impotent general manager called a doge. The libro d' oro, or record of Venetian nobility, held names of many men who had risen from porters, glass-workers, and other mean conditions. Notwithstanding this, later in the republic's career, the gulf between patrician and pleb was infinitely wide and profound. Its growing width was ominous of the evil that ensued. When the patricians began to be ashamed of the counter, Venice began to decline. Their sons, instead of attending to the shiploads of dainties and fabrics rich and rare which sailed up the Grand Canal from the sea, then schemed rather to marry money than make it. The result was not otherwise commercially than the fate intellectually of a family given to intermarriage.

In those honest early days, when all the city was rung to business by one bell, idle hands and idle money found no place in Venice. There was hardly a street without a monastery or a church; but the monks and the clergy had to devote their arms to the service of the State, as well as fulfil their religious duties. They had to mount guard, drill, and carry the spear in

Those times were deeply practical. The very ring with which, every Ascension Day, amid proverbial pomp, the doge, in the name of all Venice, wedded the Adriatic from the Bucintoro was not allowed to be lost. It was worth six ducats, and the steersman had his instructions to steer so that the offering could be thrown from the window in the stern of the boat upon a mudbank, whence it was afterwards recovered by the fishermen. There were few poor-laws in those days. The old and needy were made sellers of provisions under the State. That was the only authorized form of mendicity. They who could work, and did not work, came under the penal rod of one or other of the committees of civic government.

The Rialto was then, as now, the centre of business life in Venice. The old bridge was of wood, and divisible for the passage of ships. It did not, therefore, offer such conveniences for shops as the present broad solid stone construction. fabrics rich and rare are not now a specialty in the Rialto. The "bazaar," to give it an Oriental name, is of the dryest. But for the piles of violets, hyacinths, narcissi, and lilies of the valley which, brought from the mainland, sweeten the air far and wide, it would be somewhat disgusting. For the Venetians have a trick of killing much poultry in the neighborhood, and as, with their inherited reverence for economy, they waste no part of the creature, one sees offered for sale gallipots of chickens' blood, and heaps of entrails that we should speedily put out of the way or give to the cats. Manchester goods and oranges seem to be the staple of Rialto merchandise. The map of the world which was formerly displayed for the education of the public in the Rialto Piazza (doubtless with Venetian possessions done large and colored red) is not now to be seen; and the timber barges which toil painfully under the bridge are the only modern substitutes for the myriad craft whose skippers found in this map both their pride and their guide.

It is in the Rialto that, early in the sixteenth century, one first hears of the lotteries, the drawing of the numbers of which is now a regular part of the routine of life in Venice and the other large cities of Italy. Needless to discuss whether or not the lottery debauches the public morals. It certainly unsettles the public mind, and that, in too many instances, is much the same thing. The indefatigable old diarist Sanudo tells us how, in 1521, couch, like every other Venetian male, sundry merchants (with a smack of the Hebrew in their names, although the other in a way that precludes all thought Ghetto, or Jewish quarter, was and is a good half hour's walk from the Rialto) instituted the lottery. The prizes were articles of furniture, carpets, and wearing apparel. The tickets were at first less than a franc, later three francs, and afterwards a ducat a-piece. They were much in request. Every one drew a ticket and no ticket was a blank; for though not every ticket won a prize, even the unlucky were soothed by the word pacientia (patience) which from the card which was the only equivalent for a modern unmitigated blank stared them in the face, with a suggestion of future fortune. The lotteries in Venice developed so precociously that very soon the State took serious cog-They came under the nizance of them. department of the Blasphemy Committee, who issued countless mandates against the various forms of gambling - to but very little purpose. The ladies did not desist from low dresses at the bidding of the government, nor did the lottery-mongers and gaming-houses shut their doors at its command.

Every Saturday afternoon, at three o'clock, one may mark how the gambling spirit holds sway over our contemporaries in Venice. As singular as anything in the spectacle is the site which the authorities think well to consecrate by the drawing. This takes place in the vestibule at the base of the campanile of San Marco. The noble tower rises three hundred feet above the tattered crowd which begins to assemble at its base soon after two o'clock, between it and the façade of San Marco. When at length the bronze doors of the vestibule are opened, one sees the officials sitting at a table, so that all their movements are patent to the public; and sitting, forsooth, under the ægis of a Sansovino's Madonna with the infant Christ and John the Baptist! A pretty scene for such an altar group to be the weekly wit-

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Anon the crowd thickens; the rotating ballot-box is ready; and the pale-faced little charity boy in a white smock, who is to be the innocent agent of the happiness of five people and the distress of thousands, bares his right arm to the elbow, and submits to be blindfolded by one of the gendarmes who stand sentry by the door and have the box in their charge. Then, when the clock strikes three, the oblong wire box is set in motion by a The eyes handle worked by a gendarme. of the mob are fastened on the ivory balls or numbers within it, as they jostle each | woman of sensibility to glide under it at

of collusion between manipulator and numbers. The movement ceases, the door of the box is opened, and the charity boy fumbles his hand into it and extracts a number. The number is declared; the mob echoes it blankly; the charity boy holds his hand stiff in the air over his head, until it is time to draw again; and so on till the five numbers are announced. Then, with depressed grumbling, and any amount of spiritless blasphemy, the tattered crowd disperses, most of its members straightway meditating how they may get together another franc for the lottery

of the coming week.

Nor is the franc of their weekly subscription (for it becomes as habitual as dram-drinking) the limit of the loss of many of these poor Venetians, who yearn for money as they yearn for Paradise. The papers teem with fraudulent seductions of a kindred kind. So-and-so, having, in an unparalleled manner, drawn successful numbers six times running, and thus having proved to his entire satisfaction that his system is infrangible, begs to inform the public that he is retiring for life from lottery-drawing to a villa of incredible luxury, in the midst of vast estates, all of which he owes to his study of mathematics and the good fortune in the lottery which has been the outcome of his studies. But in his prosperity he remembers the misery and disappointments of his needy fellow-countrymen. He would like them all to be as fortunate as he has been. Let them therefore apply to him boldly, and he, by return of post, will tell them the secret which has enriched him, and will likewise enrich them. Stamps must be sent to the value of sixpence. one of the lesser traps which flank the authorized lottery trap of Italy.

Among the many features which endear Venice to the imaginative stranger before he visits it I may, in few words, refer to three. These are the Bridge of Sighs, the pigeons of San Marco, and the gondoliers. They have all three had iconoclastic stones in plenty cast at them by travellers who love truth, whether fair or ugly,

vastly more than the alluring lie. Now, I aver that the Bridge of Sighs has been hardly used. It certainly has not seen the dark deeds and deluges of blood that Byron gave it credit for. Nor is it in itself stupendously fine as a piece of architecture; it reminded me twice a day for several weeks of poor dear Temple Bar. Nevertheless, I defy man or

night-time, and not feel some sort of affection for it. It must be remembered too that it has never assumed to be other than what it is. Why then should it bear the blame because it is not quite what romancers have made it out to be? The canal it spans is not broad, and the prison and the palace which the bridge binds together are lofty. The stars of the dark heavens are the remote link between prison and palace; but the Ponte dei Sospiri hangs between the heavens and the waters like a portcullis, which may at any moment fall upon you, and by the argument ad hominem prove to you that it has murderous capacity although it has not a very criminal history. Long then may it stand, to stir the emotions of the blue-eyed Teuton girls who, during the delights of their honeymoon, bring their obedient Fritzes and Wilhelms to join them in sighing towards it, pocket-handkerchiefs in hand.

About the pigeons I am, as an advocate, less enthusiastic. They are so numerous that, out of question, and in spite of their honorable lineage, most of them ought to be sent to a better world, where, under piecrust, they might be better appreciated. Their impudence too is not in keeping with the accepted character of a dove. The modest maiden who elects to eat a bun in the Piazza San Marco, with the basilica before her to tune her thoughts aright, is apt to be discomfited by the sudden downfall upon her shoulders, bonnet, hands, and the very bun itself, of some tenscore big birds, all utterly lacking in manners, and perhaps with very dirty feet. They are the fattest pigeons in the world, and, I should suppose, the happiest. I dare say they preferred the days when there were trees and grass in the Piazza. But our naturalists have told us how we adapt ourself to any and every condition of life. And so the pigeons roost on the pinnacles, the statues, the mosaics, and the marbles of San Marco, and the window-sills of the houses of the Piazza, quite as contentedly as if they had never seen a spinny or a green field in their lives - which is probably the fact.

To turn from the pigeons to the gondoliers of Venice is rather like reverting from a lamb to a wolf. It is with grief that I remind my untravelled reader that in Venice the gondola is the cab. Is a cabman a poetic object—a person to whom you would indite lyrics or elegies? I trow not. But, on the other hand, the gondolier, unlike the London cabman, has his redeeming qualities. He is picturesque.

He used to be more so in the days when he wore red silk stockings and a blue silk jacket, and when the boat he propelled was as gay a thing as himself. He is also very amenable to civility. He will quarrel with the portly Briton who speaks no language but English, and after a row tenders in payment a sum of money he deems unworthy of him, though it be in excess of the tariff. But the quarrel will be all on his side, and it will soon dissolve away into resonant laughter as he invites his copper-colored comrades to share the spectacle of the Briton walking off as if he heard not a word of his plea. The cabman, in such a case, would of course proceed to maledictions, and perhaps go farther still.

Indeed, when all is said, the gondolier is not a bad fellow, though, like the pigeons, somewhat spoilt by being photographed in his boat by enterprising amateurs a hundred times in the year. But in spring, notwithstanding the romance of them, one is not strongly attracted towards gondola or gondolier. When a bora is blowing upon the city from the mountains behind Trieste, and all the lagoon is under a blue-grey haze, chilly and thick, one is prone to think of fires, not aquatic expeditions. And many a martyred paterfamilias and his wife who, at their eldest daughter's bidding, have inelegantly wriggled into the boat, and, aided by the smiling, compassionate oarsman, judiciously dispersed their offspring about the remaining space thereof, are as eager to leave as they were unwilling to enter it. If they can be induced to make another such excursion, they take wool for their ears and enough wraps for a regiment reckless of the daughter's indignant demur about "how it will look."

A playful form of compliment which the gondoliers bandy about when they are displeased with each other brings me to another vanished characteristic of Venice. If, in convoying his party through the canaletti, the oarsman clashes with a boat coming in the contrary direction, he will probably call his enemy "the son of a dog," as well as much else.

Now there are still dogs in Venice; witness the daily promenade of their masters. But, judging from the pictures of Venetian life in past times, there are not half a tithe as many as there were. It is quite ludicrous to observe how the inevitable dog appears in a painting by Veronese or Tintoretto. I have failed to discover a "Last Supper," among the many in all Venice, which has not its dog.

the foreground of the picture, as if it were the principal feature of it, or it is gnawing a bone among the feet of the disciples, or it is on its hind legs begging for a bone, or it is growling at the cat which has secured a bone, capering with a companion, licking the bare brown leg of a beggar man, or asleep curled up in a corner. Be the subject sacred or profane, the dog is there. Even in the merely fanciful design of a palace, Canaletto chains a bulldog to one of the columns of the building. Out of the seventeen large wall paintings in the great hall of the doge's palace, ten have dogs in the scene. The other seven are battle-pieces, or we should surely have seen the leash of yellow hounds or a big nondescript individual cur in them also. The wonder is that Tintoretto's huge conception of "the glories of Paradise," behind the doge's throne, is lacking in this respect, and that Titian has not introduced a dog into his "Assumption." Fra Angelico and Raphael preferred to garnish their pictures with saints, angels, or cher-The Venetian artists, who were nearly as realistic as M. Zola, chose dogs, apes, Ethiopian lads, and parrots.

Is it not odd that the painters of a city of unique and, at times, almost ethereal charm and witchery, are among the grossest of great artists? Fancy the street decorations of a day (triumphal arches and the like) being designed by Palladio, and colored by Tintoretto and Veronese! So it was when Henry III. of France visited Venice. And yet, after Bellini, they were but wondrous scene and portrait painters. Titian could paint no face more divine than his wife's, and Tiepolo, the last of the great ones, makes his angels pirouette as unblushingly as ballet-girls.

But I must bring my paper to a close. When the doges of Venice fell to engraving their visiting-cards with erotic pictures of Venus and Adonis, it was apparent that the republic of which they were the representatives was in a bad way. So also if, in the face of the library of criticisms upon Venetian art, I find myself striving to offer a paragraph of novelty in the same field, it is strong evidence that I have come to the end of my tether.

In truth, however, it is not so. Why, I have not asked my reader to go once with me to the theatre. What could be more captivating to the sense of verisimilitude than to see "Othello" played in Venice? to see the Council of Ten (that dreadful corporation!) in their blood-red robes, confabulating in a hall that is no poor imita- villas is worth a whole month of spring

Either the brute is sitting at its ease in | tion of the original in the palace outside the theatre? Or, better still, to see "The Merchant of Venice" put upon the stage with a scenic realism that even Mr. Irving might not hesitate to praise, and in which the Jew is just such a greedy reprobate as, after a little prowling in the unseemly holes and corners of the Ghetto, one might

lure forth into the light of day? Deterred too by the clammy zephyrs or the piercing bora of spring, I have not invited my reader to make one trip upon the lagoon, with the gondolier for companion. What an unpardonable omission! As if Venice can be seen and known by living forever in the middle of her streets and palaces! By climbing to the bells of the Campanile one may indeed have a view of the city. But it is as if one ascended a ladder to look at a lady; the crown of her head would be admirably displayed, but nothing else. The acres of russet and bronze roofs, grey church towers and domes, squab chimneypots idenical with those in Carpaccio's pictures, green window-shutters, and threads of water winding between the houses, are an astounding conglomerate, but they are not The other islands of the lagoon Venice. are pleasing enough from the Campanile; and so is the distant wall of the Alps, their heads high in dark clouds, from out which their snowy sides dive to the horizon line like glissades for the angels. At our feet is the Piazza San Marco, and the promenaders are but a double file of rather lazy ants. One may thus spend an hour or two on the Campanile very profitably, in studying the land (and water) of promise below and around us. But the belfry does not serve the same purpose for al! people. For example, one day I climbed it at the heels of a lady of fifty or sixty, in spectacles and a wide straw sun-hat. This lady had no sooner attained the summit than she asked for a chair. Then, taking from her pocket one of Miss Braddon's novels, she sat down to read, in scorn of the prospect.

Venice is herself - "the gem of the waters," "the pearl of the Adriatic," and so forth - only when beheld from the water, or from the other islands of the lagoon. A grimy little steamer transsports one from San Marco to the Lido any hour of the day in a few minutes. The Lido is a mudbank and sandbar, several miles long, which stands between Venice and the sea. But what a mudbank! I declare that a single clear, sunny day among its vineyards, flowers, and

dulness in Venice herself. On the one side of it the white-capped waves of the Adriatic roar upon the shingle, to be heard in Venice even on quiet days; and on the other the glassy lagoon, blue and white like the cloud-flecked heavens, orange and ruby where the sails of the fisher-boats fan it, green where green islets rise from it, grey and crimson where their forts and monasteries and churches mirror themselves in it. On such a day, truly, Venice asserts herself. The jew-elled islets are but her satellites. Her silvery domes and crimson towers, and the long light lines of her houses, with the snow of the Alps behind, are then entranc-There is nothing for it but to break into superlatives, or sing like the shrimpers, waist-deep among the Lido weeds. The most phlegmatic of strangers is then moved to rant like a professed Venicelover, and even dithyramb is justified.

From Murray's Magazine.
WILD-BIRD LIFE IN LONDON, PAST AND
PRESENT.

OF the thousands who frequent our parks and gardens, passing to and fro in endless succession, intent on business or pleasure — of the hundreds of loungers on the chairs under the planes, how many ever give a passing thought to the winged inhabitants of the trees and shrubs above and around them, who dwell there, some as permanent residents, others, like many of the throng below them, only appearing for the season, or resting for a day or so on their way to "fresh woods and pastures new"? There is more bird-life in the London parks and gardens than most people are at all aware of. Loving couples are at work all the spring and summer months, building their nests or rearing their young, little caring for the "madding crowd."

The spotted fly-catcher, on the elmbranch, within reach of numberless hands, goes on catching every insect which comes within its range, heedless of the hum of voices beneath. The ringdove, which, as Campbell says, makes "music that sweetened the calm," never ceases to help its mate to build the fragile nest of sticks on the plane-tree hard by, regardless of the roll of carriages or the stamping of horses; and the song-thrush does its utmost, by singing its loudest, to cheer and solace its mate, hatching in the laurels, undisturbed by the movement of human life around.

Birds in their migration to this country follow certain lines of flight, most of them crossing the German Ocean by way of Heligoland, faithful to an hereditary instinct transmitted to them ages ago, when dry land probably united our island with the opposite coast, and many a one perishes in the stormy sea which now supervenes, in its attempt to carry out the habit of its ancestors; that hereditary impulse still brings some of these migrants to the haunts of their forefathers, which formerly frequented not only our parks and gardens, but every open space in the metropolis.

In the reign of George II. the fields round Hanover Square, in which a spring of crystal water bubbled up, were frequented by snipe and woodcocks, and were there shot by sportsmen—one of these was General Oglethorpe, who died in 1785. At times, even now, a poor benighted woodcock falls exhausted in our streets, or is seen amongst the shrubs in

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The British Museum stands on the site of Montague House and its magnificent gardens, in which the nightingale sung and bred. The garden of Ely House, Holborn, so noted for its roses and strawberries, its intricate maze and extensive shrubberies, was full of all the songsters of the grove. Blackbirds, thrushes, and many other familiar birds frequented the Field of the Forty Footsteps (now Montague Place), so fatal to many in days when outraged honor could only be appeased by blood.

In 1734, St. Giles's Church was surrounded by high elm-trees, in which built rooks, magpies, and kites. The rooks were probably the ancestors of the colony still existing in Gray's Inn gardens; but the magpies and kites have found no resting-place. The hereditary descendants of those blackbirds, thrushes, etc., which frequented the hedgerows of the Field of the Forty Footsteps are still to be found in the gardens of Russell Square and its neighborhood. Professor Flower remembers seeing the spotted fly-catcher build its nest for many successive years in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

But a few years have passed away since the site of Belgrave and Eaton Square (built in 1825-6), and the surrounding streets, were marshy fields (known as the Five Fields)—the haunts of the wild geese and the mallard, of plover and snipe, and when every house in the neighborhood had its duck-gun. I can well remember, during holidays passed in Chelfrequented Battersea Fields, and there are some still living who have heard the juggug of the nightingale and the joyous song of the black-cap in the gardens of Cado-

gan Place.

The number of birds in Hyde Park in 1799 was so great, that at a review, held there in that year, during the evolutions, several thousands of small birds flew alternately from the troops to the spectators, from whence they returned terrified, and this went on till many of them became exhausted and fell motionless to the ground.

During a period of more than fifty years I have noted no less than ninety-three species of birds frequenting our parks and gardens for a longer or shorter time, and of these there still remain a few regular residents, and but a very restricted num-

ber of migrants.

In 1834 the elm-trees in Hyde Park were in their prime. Two herds of fallowdeer frequented the quiet dales, and the "bird of the sun" poured forth its joyous song at break of day. There is still standing the remnant of an old elm in which a pair of ravens annually built their nest, from which a fledgling was taken by one of the workmen employed in building the bridge over the Serpentine. As late as 1850 ravens occasionally paid us a visit. In May of that year two ravens were observed fighting in the Regent's Park, one being killed in the combat. In a tree on the north bank of the Serpentine, a pair of carrion crows built their nest for some years, and two or three pairs of these birds lived in the Regent's Park up to a very recent period.

Although considerably reduced in numbers, the rooks, the constant associates of man, both in town and country, still remain with us. A few may be seen, on most mornings, in Hyde Park, searching after food, or waiting for the breakfast provided for them by two dear old ladies, who never forget them, even in the coldest

weather.

Some few years ago there was a large rookery in Kensington Gardens. effort was made to prevent its destruction, but it was of no avail; one of the greatest charms of the Gardens was doomed by some officious official, and the trees were all levelled. In relation to this rookery, Sir Prescott Hewett, when housesurgeon to St. George's Hospital, told me the following interesting anecdote. He in the Inner Temple did not build their was in the daily habit of taking a morn-nests or breed in these gardens in the was in the daily habit of taking a morn-ing walk through Kensington Gardens and spring before the plague of 1665, but in the

sea in 1824-5, what a number of wild birds | Hyde Park. One morning he noticed a number of rooks congregated on the ground and making a great noise. found that two young ones, unable to fly, had fallen from one of the nests. He took them up, put them into his pocket, and continued his walk home, where he deposited them in the garden of the hospital, under the plane-tree, still standing. was engaged in making for them a nest on the ground, when he heard a great bustle above him. On looking up, to his astonishment he found the tree covered with rooks, and on his retiring to a short distance they all came down and had a good stare at the young birds. There was a considerable amount of cawing for a time, and then they all took their departure except two, the parent birds, and these continued to come at stated intervals and fed the nestlings, so that he had no further trouble. Every night he removed them for fear of cats, and every morning, when replacing them in the nest, he saw the old birds on the tree, waiting to give them their breakfast. After two years' resi-dence they were allowed full liberty to join their tribe, and for some months they visited at intervals the old tree. These intervals gradually increased, until the birds ceased altogether to appear.

For many years a considerable colony of rooks built their nests on the trees in Doctors' Commons, and now and again a pair of their descendants endeavor to reestablish themselves on the trees still standing, but without any permanent effect. In Hone's "Everyday Book" for April, 1826, there is a story told of a young gentleman who amused himself by shooting these rooks with a cross-bow from his garret window. A neighbor on the first floor noticing the birds fall off their perch without any apparent cause, at once wrote a paper said to have been read before the Royal Society, to prove that rooks were subject to the "falling sickness," by which term epilepsy was com-

monly known in those days.

Another rookery existed in the Temple Gardens, erroneously supposed to have been formed by Sir Edward Northey, in Queen Anne's time, by his bringing in an open carriage from his rookery at Epsom a bough containing a nest in which were two young birds, these being followed the whole way by their parents. Aubrey, however, in his "Natural History of Wilt-shire," says: "'Tis certain that the rooks following spring they did so." The rooks in the Temple Gardens were a source of much interest to Goldsmith, who gives an animated description of their bustle and hurry in the nesting-time, and these birds which gave him so much pleasure must have been in all the "bustle and hurry of business" when he was laid in his grave on the evening of Saturday, April 9th, 1744, almost overshadowed by those elmtrees, -

Where the bat circled and the rooks reposed, Their wars suspended, and their councils

There were rookeries in Spring Gardens, Carlton House Gardens, in the Green Park, in Chesterfield Gardens, Kensington Gardens, Whitehall, Curzon Street, Holland Park, Gray's Inn, and St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, besides a few small colonies scattered in various parts, and many still remember the one nest on the plane-tree in Wood Street, Cheapside. All these have disappeared except two, those of Holland Park and Gray's Inn. I remember counting fifty nests in the trees of Chesterfield Gardens, above the old bulging wall in Curzon Street, and only the other day there were thirty nests in the trees in Gray's Inn Gardens. When one considers how far afield these birds must go to provide food for their young and themselves, their attachment to the old dwelling-places is very remarkable.

Another of the crow family, the daw, or as it is more commonly called the jackdaw, not only frequents the hollow trees of our parks, but takes possession of many of our church towers and steeples, and at times disused chimneys. Although pert and impudent, it shows a great amount of stupidity when endeavoring to is curious to watch with what ridiculous how it ever manages to complete its nest is a problem. Jackdaws must surely generations ago have built, like others of the crow tribe, on boughs of trees, and by some freak or other have altered their breeding-places, never losing, however, their hereditary propensity of employing sticks for the foundation of their nests.

The jackdaw is a sad pilferer, and when it gets a chance has no mercy on the eggs or young of other birds. We have often seen a pair of jackdaws searching the sparrows' nests on the columns of the houses in Grosvenor Square and else- are mute, many of us have no doubt heard

their beaks, and deliberately murdering them before their terrified parents; they are partial to brains, and will leave the rest of the body as a memento of their crime. There are a good many pairs of these birds in the London parks and streets, and any one who will take the trouble when passing St. Paul's, will often see a bevy of them about the cross, particularly in the early part of the year; but not in the autumn, for then the cross is tenanted by other tyrants, a pair of pere-grine falcons, which come to feast on the pigeons inhabiting the porticoes of the various churches.

Another of our residents is the starling. Its lustrous plumage, its graceful mien, and its sprightly bustling ways, make it a universal favorite. The pleasant low melodious song of the male bird on an early spring morning is very sweet, but he can be hoarse and harsh enough if one at tempts to disturb the nest. This bird frequents all our parks and squares, wher ever it can find an appropriate nestingplace; a hole near a window in Gray's Inn Square has been tenanted by starlings for fifty years, and the same has been noted of a hole under the parapet of the large house in Stratford Place.

The magpies have left us entirely, but at one time, and not so very long ago, they were plentiful enough. Yarrell states that he counted twenty-three altogether in

Kensington Gardens.

The robin redbreast is with us always, even in the more secluded gardens of our squares; but the London bird is much more shy than its country brother, and it is seldom seen at midday. The great confidence it displays in its relations to mankind in general endears it to all, and the idea of killing a robin in this country is considered almost as sacrilegious as robbing a church. Not so, however, in long stick crossways into a round hole; fichi served up at the tables d'hôte in how it ever manages to complete its nock. It les controls de la complete its nock. Italy consists chiefly of robins. Browning says, -

> A man may have an appetite enough For a whole dish of robins ready cooked.

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Fancy eating the tender and loving sexton of the "Babes in the Wood"! But tender and loving as it often looks, it is most pugnacious and quarrelsome, and appears to dominate over many of the larger birds.

The robin sings almost all the year; even in the winter, when all other birds where, bringing out the unfledged young in its sweet melodious voice accompanying, as it were, the hymns of praise in our churches and cathedrals.

Of all our London songsters the chief place in the choir must be accorded to the song thrush. At spring-tide his notes, "so clear, so high," may be heard all day long, as he sits on the elm-branch above the nest, pouring forth one continued stream of melody, from sunrise to sunset singing the "drowsy day to rest." The song, so powerful in spring and summer, becomes less as winter approaches; but in mild weather, even in winter, the bird still sings on, only in a much more modulated strain, and when listening to its soft musical note at this season (a thrush has been singing in Hamilton Gardens every morning during December and January), one is not surprised at the poet Cowper's mistaking the notes for those of a nightingale which he thought he heard singing on New Year's day, 1792, and upon which he wrote his famous ode. The thrushes' song has been likened by the late Frank Buckland to the following words, -

Knee-deep, knee-deep, knee-deep, Cherry du, cherry du, cherry -White hat, white hat,

Pretty grey, pretty grey, pretty grey,

and if you listen to the first thrush you hear when in full voice you will at once perceive how true is this rendering. female sits very close on her eggs, and when near hatching allows herself almost to be touched, but watches narrowly with her "twa glancing sparkling een."

Two others of the family Turdidæ are resident with us, but one must be out early to see them. The blackbird is truly "the early bird which gets the worm;" as soon, however, as the sound of many feet begins, it is off to its hiding amongst the laurels and rhododendron beds. song in early morning, and later in the evening when the bustle of traffic is over, is extremely soft and musical, with "few notes but sweet." For many years the missell thrush, more commonly known as the mistletoe thrush, frequented Kensington Gardens and the Regent's Park in fair numbers. Its harsh note vibrates on the ear in spring-time on approaching its nesting quarters. This bird is an early nester, and from its wild but monotonous song in the blustering weather of February and March it is often called the storm cock.

In hard, frosty winters we are visited occasionally by the fieldfares and redwings, but only in passing from the north to more southern quarters, in search of food. The peculiar chatter of the first, are in Park Lane. LIVING AGE. VOL. LXVI.

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and the somewhat subdued whistle of the latter, make their presence known.

The sombre, unobtrusive hedge warbler, better known as the hedge sparrow, lays its beautiful blue eggs in its compact nest, placed in the quickset hedges of many of the private gardens around the Regent's Park, safe from the prying eyes of its bête noire the cuckoo, whose progeny have more hedge sparrows than any other bird for their foster-parents. In olden days it was supposed that these young giants bit off the heads of their foster-parents. Chaucer reproaches the cuckoo in his "Assemblee of Fowles," and calls it

The murderer of the heysugge on the braunch That brought thee forth.

The chaffinch and the greenfinch pay us a visit occasionally, and sometimes remain to breed. Old writers call the chaffinch the spynke, and say he lives by "gummie sappe," whatever that may be. The sky-lark, "with its long toe," is now a rare visitor. Time was, and not very distant, when it might have been heard and seen, in not inconsiderable numbers, in both Hyde Park and the Regent's Park. Now we can only hear it as a caged songster, as it sings with trembling wings, on its little bit of well-trodden turf. Gay makes the bird relate how the advantages of its song doom it to captivity and misery; but there is one consolation to the poor caged prisoner, could he but know it. It gives solace and joy to many a poor bedridden sufferer, reminding him possibly of the days of his youth, passed among the green fields of a country home.

The birds best known to all Londoners, both rich and poor, are our sparrows, with their well-known chirp and busy presence, in our parks, on our housetops, and in our streets. The London sparrows are as wideawake and as wary as it is possible for birds to be. They allow of no close approach, feed them as much and as often as you please. "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes" is their motto, and they abide

by it.

They are the most ubiquitous of all our London birds. Go where you will, Philip Sparrow is to be found building his nest and rearing his young, amongst the slums of Clerkenwell and St. Giles, as well as amongst the palaces of Belgrave and Grosvenor Squares. Sparrow fights, those strange mêlées which one often sees in spring-time, are as frequent in the narrow courts and streets of Whitechapel as they

This bird has always been a favorite. Gascoyne wrote a sonnet in praise of Philip Sparrow, a name derived from its note sounding like the word Philip.

Another resident which I am pleased to find is yearly increasing in numbers is the ringdove, more commonly known as the wood-pigeon. I have records of this bird breeding in our parks and in Kensington Gardens since 1834. A pair for many years regularly nested in an old scrubby tree in the Green Park, a remnant of the garden appertaining to the lodge which was taken down somewhere about 1846. This tree was cut down about ten years since, and the birds first migrated to Hyde Park, but not finding suitable quarters, they went over to Buckingham Palace Gardens, and the ringdoves which now frequent the trees round the ornamental water on St. James's Park are no doubt their descendants. Kensington Gardens was another favorite nesting-place for these birds, as long as the pine-trees remained, and it is remarkable that one of the most shy and most wary of our wild birds should have become so familiar, and have so little fear, when nesting in so crowded a neighborhood. This bird now breeds regularly in all our parks, and I have seen no less than twenty-four on the lawn by Rotten Row, in company with a number of the blue rock-pigeons (escaped captives from the pigeon battues), feeding on the Indian corn placed there by the provident care of one of the park-keepers. The ringdove may be easily distinguished from the other pigeons, not only by its much larger size, but by the beautiful white and purple feathers on each side of the neck, forming almost a complete ring. The wren, "with little quill" but most

Park, about the Zoological and Botanical Gardens, as well as in Kensington Gardens, during the nesting season. Its pretty, dome-shaped nest is generally so similar to the surrounding foliage that it is difficult to discover. A few years ago a pair built their nest and reared up their young in the gardens of Portman Square.

Of our summer migrants, the sombrecolored spotted fly-catcher is the most constant in its appearance. I knew of three nests in the neighborhood of Rotten Row, one so close to the path and so low down on the tree that it could be touched by the hand; yet notwithstanding the numbers passing and repassing, and the sharp eyes of the London gamins, these birds safely brought off four young ones. Although the parents were constantly returning with

food for their ravenous progeny, they never came at the same time, and always approached the nest from the opposite side of the path, and thus escaped observation. It has been observed that this bird was absent from many of its haunts last summer, but one pair frequented their accustomed place in the park near Rotten Row.

The nightingale, the black cap, the bustling petty chaps, the willow wren, the chiff-chaff, and others of the Sylviada were a few years since regular visitants. The "queen of song" is heard no more. The last time I heard the nightingale in London was on April 29th, 1879, close to the Zoological Gardens, where daily it poured forth those sweet notes, "so musical, so melancholy," solacing its mate, no doubt, nesting in the tangled brambles The nightingale loves the thick close by. undergrowth of shrubs. Our parks have now become much too tidy for it to remain and breed. Poetical license accords the power of voice to the female. It is the male only which sings.

The chiff-chaff's merry but monotonous note may be heard in the trees of Belgrave Square as it passes onwards to more appropriate breeding-quarters; and the reed warbler, that long-headed, bustling bird, has bred both in the Zoological and the Botanical Gardens. Mr. Henry Smith states that he discovered a cuckoo's egg in the nest of this bird, which was built on some flags at the edge of the ornamen-

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tal water in the latter locality.

In the early part of April the sand martins skim the surface of the Serpentine, and are followed by the swallows. The martins and the swifts also haunt these waters for a few days, before settling down

to their family duties.

But a few years since the "guest of Summer, the Temple-haunting martlet," built its nest and reared its young in Westbourne Terrace and the houses close to Kensington Gardens, as well as on the magazine in Hyde Park; and I have a record of two nests, one on Lord Cork's house at the corner of Hay Hill, and one on a house close by in Dover Street, Piccadilly. Alas! "heaven's breath" has changed for the worse in this great city since then, if we may judge from the entire absence of these birds from their former breeding-places.

hand; yet notwithstanding the numbers passing and repassing, and the sharp eyes of the London gamins, these birds safely brought off four young ones. Although the parents were constantly returning with

afield. Its well-known voice is therefore seldom heard. That voice is so constantly, and often so well imitated, as to induce astonished clergymen to write to the papers, stating that the cuckoo's note has been heard in December and at other unseasonable times. They forget that the poor bird would have starved long before, had it not wisely sought other climes; and even the telegram announcing the advent of a few spring-like days to our winter residents in Africa would scarcely influence the cuckoo's instinctive migrations.

The redstart is now a rare visitant. In 1876 I have notes of two pairs breeding in Kensington Gardens, and of others in and about the Regent's Park. The various species of titmice, or more correctly titmouses, pay us occasional visits, as well as the wagtails. These latter may be noticed on the banks of the Serpentine during their annual migration inland.

The moorhen is a constant resident on our ornamental waters. A pair frequent the water in the east end of the Serpentine, the remnant of the old River Bourne, and successfully bring off their young, which, when first born, look more like a bit of dubbing of black, red, and blue, than anything else.

The dabchick, too, that diving bird which, as Drayton says,

is hard to prove, Whether under water most it liveth or above,

at times makes its appearance on the Serpentine in a most mysterious manner. A few years since as many as sixty were observed on the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens. They all disappeared, as suddenly as they came, except two, which remained and built their nest on a patch of weeds in the middle of the pond. How and whence could these short-winged birds have come, and in such numbers?

Other strange birds have at times been Even the "sea-blue bird of March," the lovely kingfisher, occasionally puts in an appearance. The feathers of this beautiful bird are much sought after as ornaments to trim ladies' hats. A horrible practice prevails in some parts of capturing kingfishers by means of small steel traps, set on the hatches and other haunts. The poor birds are caught by the legs, and there left in agony for hours. Often the traps cut off both legs, and the poor bird flies away, to die of pain and starvation. We often hear of prosecutions for pinching off the end of a puppydog's tail - an almost painless proceeding at the age when it is done - whilst

real cruelties are unheeded and unpunished.

The wild seamew, the graceful sea swallow, and other sea birds are not unfrequently seen on the Serpentine—a haven of rest when driven inland by the stormy winds of the Atlantic. Even the little auk has at times been picked up, helpless and utterly exhausted, in our streets.

It is fortunate that there is a desire to increase and not diminish our open spaces, by forming new parks and gardens. It is therefore probable that our wild birds will not only remain with us, but that others may be induced to join them. At any rate, may we still have our rooks and starlings, our pigeons and sparrows, our resident warblers, and our migrants for many a year to come!

EDWARD HAMILTON.

From Temple Bar. "QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S FRIEND."

Among the saucy young beauties of Hampton Court there is a handsome old face under a close cap and black silk hood, which in its expression of venerable placidity looks somewhat out of keeping with its surroundings, and may excite curiosity that the simple inscription "Mrs. Delany" does little to satisfy.\*

Mrs. Delany was not a great authoress, nor an enterprising traveller, nor a brilliant leader of fashion. She was essentially an Englishwoman of the best old type—sensible, kindly, well-bred and well-informed. But her experiences were sufficiently varied, and her friends were so numerous and distinguished, that her story is more interesting than those of most good women are wickedly supposed to be.

In these days, when no sooner is a valuable book published than another elbows it on one side, readers with time and patience to master the six thick volumes containing Mrs. Delany's autobiography and letters are probably rare. But they would well reward inspection, for they afford a very lively and faithful picture of the society of her time, as well as an inter-

\* Painted when she was eighty-two. Horace Walpole says of it: "There is a new genius, one Opie, a Cornish lad of nineteen, who has taught himself to color in a strong, bold, masterly style. . . . He has done a head of Mrs. Delany for the king — oui, oraiment, it is pronounced like Rembrandt; but, as I told her, it does not look older than she is, but older than she does." (Walpole's Letters, vol. viii., p. 156.)

individual," as the editor Lady Llanover says, "whose name has been hallowed and remembered for more than a hundred

vears."

Mary Granville, a great-granddaughter of the gallant loyalist, Sir Bevil Granville, was born in 1700, at Coulston in Wiltshire. When she was eight years old, her father and the rest of his family having settled at "Little Chelsea," \* Mary was taken to Whitehall to live with her Aunt Anne, formerly maid of honor to Mary II., who on the queen's death married Sir John Stanley. The little girl had already a great capacity for making friends, and from a large family of cousins, grand-children of Henry Earl of Rochester (the son of the great chancellor Hyde), who lived in "the fine Gothic gate which divided Whitehall, commonly called the cockpit, from King Street," she singled one for special affection. This was Catherine Hyde - Prior's "Kitty, beautiful and young "-afterwards Duchess of Queensbury, whose wit, beauty, and eccentricity made her, as her cousin records, "from her early years to the end of a long life a general object of animadversion, censure,

and admiration."

"Mr. Handel," newly arrived in London and busy on "Rinaldo," came to Whitehall when Mary was ten years old to pay his

respects to Sir John Stanley.

We had no better instrument [says Sir John's niece] than a little spinnet of mine, on which the great musician performed wonders. . . . The moment he was gone I seated my-self at the spinnet and played the best lesson I had then learnt. My uncle archly asked me whether I thought I should ever play as well as Mr. Handel? "If I did not think I should," cried I, "I would burn my instru-ment!"

Five years later George Lord Lansdown, another uncle, was sent to the Tower with Lord Oxford, for participation in one of the many Jacobite plots; and Colonel Granville, deeming it prudent to retire to the country, summoned his elder daughter to join him. Mary was then fifteen - handsome, lively, accomplished, and of an impetuous temper. She had been brought up in the expectation of being a maid of honor, according to Queen Anne's promise; had heard one opera, and seen one play, and on being torn from the delights of town and plunged into the wilds of Gloucestershire in November, during "as severe a frost as was ever

esting portrait of the writer - "a private | known in England," bewailed her fate in Pope's verses to Martha Blount, -

> Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew, Saw others happy, and with sighs with-

> She went to plain work, and to purling brooks, Old-fashioned halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks.

To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea -To muse, and spill her solitary tea.

. . . .

Some squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack,

Whose game is whisk, whose treat a toast in sack.

Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are coarse -

And loves you best of all things - but his horse, -

which were fairly descriptive of her own approaching employments, and curiously prophetic of her then undreamt-of and unwelcome suitor.

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When spring came round, Buckland proved a much more endurable abode. Colonel Granville's residence was a low,

roomy house, .

the outside entirely covered with laurel, the inside neat, furnished with homespun stuff, adorned with fine china and prints. The front faces the finest vale in England, the vale of Evesham. . . . The back is shaded by a very fine hill, which rises gradually; between lies the small garden, well stocked with fruit and flowers. Nothing could be more fragrant and rural; the sheep and cows came bleating and lowing to the pales of the garden. On the left hand was a rookery; on the right a little clear brook ran winding through a copse of young elms (the resort of many warbling birds) and fell with a cascade into the garden.\*

Here Mary found a friend in Sarah Kirkham, afterwards mother-in-law of the once celebrated Mrs. Chapone, and a lover, whom she calls "Roberto," sup-posed to have been a Mr. Twyford, who being furnished with nineteen brothers and sisters, and a stony-hearted stepmother unfavorable to his settlement in life, could not bring his love affair to a happy conclusion.

In the autumn of 1717 Lord and Lady Lansdown, released from the Tower, invited their niece to join them at their country-seat, Longleat, which was filled with visitors who danced every night to an excellent band, Lord Lansdown being "magnificent in his nature" and princely in hospitality.

Amongst the guests was Mr. Alexander

<sup>\*</sup> Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Delany. (Bentley, 1861), vol. i., p. 18. .

<sup>\*</sup> Now West Brompton.

Pendarves of Roscrow, Cornwall, a squire of sixty years. When he arrived the family were at dinner. He sent in his name, and Lord Lansdown, "overjoyed at his arrival," insisted on his joining them at once. The fair critic of seventeen witnessing this warm welcome, expected, she says, to see —

somebody with the appearance of a gentleman; and when the poor old, dripping, almost drowned man was brought into the room, like Hob out of the well, his wig, his coat, his dirty boots, his large unwieldy person, and his crimson countenance, were all subjects of great mirth to me.

But the laughter soon turned to weeping. Mr. Pendarves put off his departure from Longleat from day to day, and soon showed what was its chief attraction; and Lord Lansdown, rejoiced at an opportunity of strengthening his interests in Cornwall, made "a very pathetic speech of his love and care" to his unhappy niece, and, pleading her father's altered circumstances and the duty and gratitude she owed to all her family, obtained her reluctant acceptance of a man she feared and hated. Her parents were at once sent for, and a very grand wedding was arranged without loss of time.

Never was woe drest out in gayer colors [she says] and when I was led to the altar, I wished from my soul I had been led, as Iphigenia was, to be sacrificed. I was sacrificed. I lost, not life indeed, but all that makes life desirable.

During the very bitter honeymoon spent at Longleat, a gentleman called who mentioned that the unfortunate "Roberto" had been "struck with a dead palsy." His mother's cruel treatment and his despair at losing Mary Granville, had brought on his illness, and although he never uttered more than a word or two again he wrote perpetually, and Mary was "the only subject of his pen." After his death, which occurred in about a year, a piece of the "cut paper," for which Mary was famous, was found under his pillow.

The home to which Mr. Pendarves carried his reluctant bride was a castellated mansion near Falmouth, guarded by high walls that hid it from view — uninhabited for thirty years, and with rotting floors, falling ceilings, and windows high above all possibility of looking through them.

When one remembers that the master of this elysium, in addition to age, ugliness, and the gout, for which it would perhaps be unfair to hold him responsible, was addicted to jealousy, snuff-taking, and

heavy drinking, with intervals of sullen, ill-tempered sobriety, it is truly wonderful that Lord Lansdown should have been hypocrite enough to write thus to his niece:—

I find by the account you give me of your neighbors and their contentions that c'est tout comme ici, and that the world is everywhere in a quarrel some way. But as long as we enjoy peace within doors, and domestic friendship and affection is uninterrupted, the rest is of very little concern, and you may survey from your ascent at Roscrow with pleasure all the storms below you. I hope to hear in your next that my friend Pen is restored to the use of his limbs.

In spite of Mr. Pendarves's jealousy—which made his wife say, "I would rather have had a lion walk into the house than any one whose person and address could alarm him"—and of an income crippled by dishonest servants and poor relations, he sometimes took Mary to town, and sometimes to Windsor, and wherever she went her youth, beauty, and liveliness attracted admirers. One of the most persistent of these was M. Fabrici, the Hanoverian minister, who, one summer evening, meeting her alone in the Little Park, held her by the skirt whilst he poured out a profusion of compliments.

I was so provoked [she says] that I assured him if he did not instantly go away I would go up to the windows of the apartment where I knew the king sat after dinner, and make my complaint of him aloud. . . . The conversation lasted above an hour, and what added to my distress was that the walk we were in faced the chamber window where Gromio\* always sat. What a scene would it have been for him to have seen M. Fabrici on his knees, holding me by the petticoat!

Mrs. Pendarves's difficulties were increased by the worse than folly of her aunt, Lady Lansdown, who tried to draw her into the intrigues which had brought discredit on herself. The worldly and frivolous aunt, the dissipated lover, Lord Clare, and the respectful and romantic lover, Lord Baltimore, described by Mrs. Pendarves, might have stepped out of one of Richardson's novels. And the mixture of prudence and high spirit in Mrs. Pendarves herself would have done credit to his most faultless heroines.

Seven years after their ill-assorted marriage Mr. and Mrs. Pendarves both left home; he, she says, "to his usual set," she to Lady Sunderland, her friend from childhood. A presentiment of evil made

<sup>\*</sup> Mr. Pendarves, fastened to his chair by gout.

her return earlier than usual, but her husband had reached home before her. He said many kind things to her, "wished he might live to reward her," and told her to "ring the bell that he might sign his will." This, however, she persuaded him to defer until next day, thinking him too depressed. "He slept very uneasily," she says, in the narrative of her early life written for the Duchess of Portland:—

I did not close my eyes till past four, and then slept till seven. I rang my bell, my servant came and opened the shutter. I stepped softly, for fear of awaking Gromio, and as 1 put by the curtain and got up, how terrified was I when I saw him quite black in the face! At first I thought him in a fit, but immediately it struck me he was dead!

Mrs. Pendarves, who had lost her father in 1723, and whose mother and young sister were staying at Gloucester, where they afterwards settled, at once took up her abode with her aunt, Lady Stanley. husband's will not having been signed, the fortune on which Lord Lansdown had counted when he compelled her to marry Gromio was reduced to a slender jointure. But she was absolutely indifferent to money, saw the Cornish estates pass to her husband's niece without regret, and after the first shock of Mr. Pendarves's death seems to have led a very happy life, not much disturbed even by the strange conduct of Lord Baltimore, who after telling her one night at the opera that he had loved her for five years, quarrelled with her next morning on a point of sentiment, and straightway married the daughter of Sir Theodore Janssen, who had a large fortune.\*

Other suitors, including Lord Tyrconnel,† appeared on the scene, but were coldly dismissed. Besides these sentimental episodes, Mrs. Pendarves, in her letters to her sister, discusses and describes masquerades, balls, water parties, Handel's music, the "Beggars' Opera," "Mr. Voltaire's" works, the lord mayor's feast, and the coronation. At the royal banquet in Westminster Hall she says:—

The room was finely illuminated, and though there were 1,800 candles, besides what were on the tables, they were all lighted in less than three minutes by an invention of Mr. Heidegger's, which succeeded to the admiration of all spectators. The branches that held the candles were all gilt and in the form of pyramids. I leave it to your lively imagination, after this, to have a notion of the splendor of the place. . . . It was not disagreeable to be taken notice of by one's acquaintance when they appeared to so much advantage, for everybody I knew came under the place where I sat, to offer me meat and drink, which was drawn up from below into the galleries by baskets at the end of a long string, which they filled with cold meat and bread, sweetmeats and wine.

Ann Granville, in her country seclusion, was evidently amused and inquisitive about her sister's town admirers, and in one letter Mrs. Pendarves says:—

You may take all my lovers amongst you and try what you can make out of them. Let me see, there's first Don Diego, solemn and stately, and, if you will take his own word, well read in all arts and sciences. "Passive obedience and non-resistance" is his text, and the doctrine that he will teach with a vengeance. The next is a deserter. He can be of no use; he was a pretty plaything enough -could sing and dance; but as he has 'listed under another banner, I strike him out of my Now as to those others laid to my charge, I declare myself not guilty. in quality is an Adonis in person, but his mind, alas! how idle, how vain! . . . An alderman, a councillor, and two or three more such odd animals, I will send down in a bag together, and you may cast lots for them - they are not worth my wearing.

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The mirth and humor of these charming letters is often varied by a touch of simple tenderness.

Nothing can be more beautiful than this garden is at present [Mrs. Pendarves writes to her sister from Northend in May, 1730]; and what endears it more to me is the remembrance of having walked over it with you. Every tree you liked is a favorite, particularly the oranges. Had you taken a fancy to the nettles I verily believe I should have preferred them to jessamine.

Mrs. Pendarves anticipated Leigh Hunt in his favorite precept, "Cultivate cheerfulness." "Let no opportunity of laughter escape, you I beg," she says to her sister. "Every hearty laugh you laugh is an addi-

knowledge." His sudden meeting with Mrs. Péndarves at a drawing-room after the report of his being lost at sea, is like an episode from an old romance.

† "To let you see seriously that money without worth cannot tempt me, I have refused my Lord Tyrconnel. Lady Carteret asked me the other day if I would give her leave to proceed in it, that she thought I should be very blameworthy to refuse so vast a fortune, a title, and a good-natured man. All that, I told her, was no temptation to me. He had the character very justly of being silly, and I would not tie myself to such a companion for an empire."

<sup>\*</sup> Lady Llanover thinks that Lord Baltimore loved Mrs. Pendarves "as much as he could love anything but himself," but that "his extravagant habits required a richer wife." A certain amount of flightiness seems, however, generally to have been attributed to him. George II. said, "My Lord Baltimore thinks he understands everything and understands nothing, ... and, entire nons, is a little mad." And Horace Walpole credited him only with "a good deal of jumbled knowledge." His sudden meeting with Mrs. Pendarves at a drawing-room after the report of his being lost at sea, is like an episode from an old romance.

sure to let me know you do."

The next sighing swain we see at the feet of the fair "Aspasia," as she signed herself in her letters to the Duchess of Portland, is perhaps the last whom one would expect to see in such a position — no other than John Wesley!\* He was a friend of the Kirkhams, who introduced him to Mrs. Pendarves, and a correspondence ensued, extending over four years, in which Mrs. Granville and her daughter Ann (under the name of "Selina") were included. Lady Llanover gives only one of these letters, very serious and slightly formal, but Mr. Tyerman's "Life of Wesley" contains several others much more tender in tone, from which a few passages may be quoted: -

"Every line of your last," writes Wesley, who signs himself "Cyrus," "shows the heart of the writer, where, with friendship, dwells humility. Ours, dear Aspasia, it is to make acknowledgment, upon us lie the obligations of gratitude. If it be a fault to have too harmonious a soul, too exquisite a sense of elegant, generous transports, then, indeed, I must own there is an obvious fault both in Selina and Aspasia." A little later: "Should one who was as my own soul, be torn from me, it would be best for me. Surely, if you were called first, mine eyes ought not to overflow because all tears were wiped away from yours! But I much doubt whether self-love would not be found too strong for a friendship which I even now find to be less disinterested than I hitherto imagined. . . . Tell me, Aspa-sia — tell me, Selina — if it be a fault that my heart burns within me, when I reflect on the many marks of regard you have already shown." Then Aspasia asks if she may go to "a concert of music" on Sunday evenings, and Cyrus replies somewhat diplomatically: "Far be it from me to think that any circumstance of life shall ever give the enemy an advantage over Aspasia. . . . To judge whether any action be lawful on the Sabbath or no, we are to consider whether it advances the end Whatfor which the Sabbath was ordained. ever, therefore, tends to advance this end, is lawful on this day. Whatever does not tend to advance this end is not lawful on this day. In another letter he tells her that he has been accused of being "too strict, carrying things too far in religion, and laying burdens on myself, if not on others, which are neither necessary nor possible to be borne." And by return of post, Aspasia replies: "The imputation thrown upon you is a most extraordinary one. But such is the temper of the world - when you have no vice to feed their spleen with, they will condemn the highest virtue. Cyrus, how noble a defence you make! and

tion to my happiness; so laugh, and be | how are you adorned with the beauty of holiness! How ardently do I wish to be as resigned and humble as yourself!"\*

> When some of these letters were written Mrs. Pendarves was a frequent guest at the house of John Wesley's relation, Richard Colley, who assumed the name of Wesley on succeeding to the Meath estates of his cousin Garrett Wesley, and was afterwards created Baron Mornington. For him Hogarth was then painting a family group, and Mrs. Pendarves writes to her sister: -

I am grown passionately fond of Hogarth's painting, there is more sense in it than any I have seen. . . . He has promised to give me some instructions about drawing that will be of great use - some rules of his own that he says will improve me more in a day than a year's learning in the common way.

Mrs. Pendarves was then contemplating a visit to Ireland, and the correspondence with John Wesley languished. "I am indebted to Cyrus," she rather coldly tells "Selina," "but I will write as soon as I You may say I am in some hurry preparing for my intended journey," which effectually distracted her thoughts.

And if she had not taken this journey would Cyrus and Aspasia ever have been united? Mr. Tyerman evidently considers that his hero had a narrow escape from the fair worldling, and that her influence would have gone far to extinguish the shining light of Methodism. But the danger was probably never very great. Wesley was always (with due apologies to "the Connexion" be it spoken) fond of what was then called "philandering," and given to cooling down when a matrimonial crisis seemed imminent; and "Aspasia," though she was sincerely interested by his undoubted goodness and talent, and his already distinguished position as head of the great evangelical revival, was never likely to have adopted even a modification of his ascetic views. Before long she wrote to her sister: -

Cyrus, by this time, has blotted me out of his memory, or, if he does remember me, it can only be to reproach me. What can I say for myself, in having neglected so extraordinary a correspondent? I only am the sufferer, but I should be very sorry to have him think my silence proceeded from negligence. I declare it is want of time.

In Dublin Mrs. Pendarves and her travelling companions were the guests of

<sup>\*</sup> Then a fellow of Lincoln College, and leader of the "Oxford Methodists."

<sup>\*</sup> Tyerman's Life and Times of Wesley. Hodder & Stoughton, 1870, vol. i., p. 78.

the Bishop of Killala and Mrs. Clayton. "A universal cheerfulness reigns in the house," she tells her sister. "They keep a very handsome table, six dishes of meat are constantly at dinner, and six at supper."

In the much more formal narrative written to "Maria" (Duchess of Portland) Aspasia gives her first impressions of Dr.

Delany: -

The character he bore in the world, and his particular attachment to my relations and friends [the Earl and Countess Granville] made me wish to be acquainted with him. He lived in a very agreeable manner, reserving one day in the week for his particular friends, amongst which number were those of the best learning and genius in the kingdom. I thought myself honored by being admitted into such a set. . . . His wit and learning were to me his meanest praise; the excellence of his heart, his humanity, benevolence, charity, and generosity, his tenderness, affection, and friendly zeal, gave me a higher opinion of him than of any other man I had ever conversed with.

Dublin society in 1731 was very brilliant, and Mrs. Pendarves "fluttered" at all the vice-regal entertainments, besides assiduously cultivating the friendship of the wits and scholars, and her portraits of all the noticeable people she met, from the gravest divine to the youngest belle (Mrs. Pendarves always had a generous appreciation of pretty faces), are as vivid as Fanny Burney's and more unstudied. She could be satirical, too, on occasion; witness this description of a clumsy partner—a serious matter in those days, when it was for the evening, not merely for the dance:—

Captain Folliat, a man six foot odd inches high, black, awkward, ramping, roaring, etc. I thought he would have shook my arms off, and crushed my toes to atoms; every moment he did some blundering thing, and as often asked "my ladyship's pardon." I was pitied by the whole company. At last I was re-solved to dispatch him with dancing, since he was not worth my conquest in any other way. I called a council about it, having some scruples of conscience, and fearing he might appear and haunt me after his death. But, when it was made plain to me that I should do the world a great service by dispatching him, I had no more qualms about it. In the midst of his furious dancing, when he was throwing his arms about most outrageously (just like a card scaramouch on a stick), snap went something that we all thought had been the main bone of his leg, but it proved only a bone of his toe. Notwithstanding which, like "Widdington," he fought upon his stumps, and would not spare me one dance; we began pegging it at eight, and continued till one, without ceasing.

During this visit to Ireland Mrs. Pendarves became acquainted with Swift. f

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The day before we came out of town [she writes from Dangan] we dined at Dr. Delany's [recently married to his first wife, a rich widow], and met the usual company. The Dean of St. Patrick's was there, in very good humor. He calls himself my master, and corrects me when I speak bad English, or do not pronounce my words distinctly. I wish he lived in England, I should not only have a great deal of entertainment from him, but improvement.

When Mrs. Pendarves returned to England they became correspondents, and interesting letters on both sides have been preserved. She was intimate with Swift's friend, Lord Bathurst, and her uncle, Lord Lansdown, charged her with cordial messages. "He laments the days that are past," she tells Swift, "and constantly drinks your health in champagne, as clear as your thoughts and sparkling as your wit."\*

At this time Mrs. Pendarves's life wasvery gay and full of interest. She was present at the drawing-room held after the marriage of the princess royal (when, according to Lord Hervey, the wretched bride concealed her horror of "that Æsop," the Prince of Orange, with so much dignity and self-command); Handel played and Strada sang at her little musical afternoons; no assembly was complete without her. Yet still she writes to her sister:—

Can't you persuade Mr. Donne to build a room for us next year? I have not spent a summer in the country with you since we were at Ealing, and don't you remember how sweet that was? I am sure you do! The churchyard and the fields, even the dusty lanes, all were charming. You and the summer, and the country together, are the greatest blessingsthis world affords me.

With all her gaiety of heart, and love of

\* Swift writes in the half-bantering, half-melancholy tone, so frequent in his "Journal to Stella." "Pray, madam," says one letter, "preserve your eyes, how dangerous soever they may be to us; and yet you ought in mercy to put them out, because they direct your hand in writing, which is equally dangerous. Well, madam, pray God bless you wherever you go or reside! May you be ever as you are, agreeable to every Killala curate or Dublin dean, for I disdam to mention temporal folks without gowns and cassocks. I will wish for your happiness, although I shall never see you, as Horace did for Galatea when she was going a long voyage from home. Pray read the verses in the original. A year or two ago I would have put the whole into English verse, and applied it to you, but my rhyming is fled with my health, and, what is more to be pitted, even my vein of satire upon ladies is sost."

every harmless amusement, Mrs. Pendarves found plenty of time and inclination for study. She became a proficient in painting,\* was fond of botany, and in June, 1734, she writes:—

I have got a new madness, I am running wild after shells. This morning I have set my little collection of shells in nice order in my cabinet, and they look so beautiful that I must by some means enlarge my stock. The beauties of shells are as infinite as of flowers, and to consider how they are inhabited enlarges a field of wonder that leads one insensibly to the great Director and Author of these wonders.†

Once there is an amusing touch of human weakness in Mrs. Pendarves's letters. She certainly liked Lord Baltimore more than any of her suitors, though she was afraid to accept him, and, describing a ball given by the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1740, she says: "His lady looked like a frightened owl, her locks strutted out and most furiously greased, or rather gummed and powdered." ‡

In the same year her passionately loved sister Anne married Mr. Dewes, a country gentleman of good family and fortune, after about six months' acquaintance, made with a most business-like view to marriage, and without consulting Mrs. Pendarves. Naturally she regarded the match with some coolness and mistrust at first, but Mr. Dewes's very high character seems to have won the regard of all his new relations, though the outspoken comment of one of them on hearing of the marriage was: "Lord have mercy upon me, she was very sly to carry it off so!"

In April, 1743, Mrs. Pendarves received another offer, and many of her friends and

relations were inclined to think that, like the girl in the fairy tale, she took the crooked stick at last. For Patrick Delany, chancellor of St. Patrick's, was a widower, in his fifty-ninth year, of moderate fortune and obscure birth. But he had some repute as a theologian,\* a spotless character, tastes very similar to Mrs. Pendarves's own, and great popularity in the cultured circles in which she was such a favorite. Like her sister, she promptly made up her mind when the right suitor appeared, and was married very quietly in June, afterwards visiting her mother at Gloucester, her sister Mrs. Dewes, her beloved Duchess of Portland, and other friends, some of whom frowned on the bride and bridegroom. Her brother Bernard Granville never became thoroughly cordial to Dr. Delany; and "the old countess," she writes, "looked so cross and so cold that I stayed but one quarter of an hour, and she received D. D. in the same way.

There is every indication that they were a very happy and sympathetic couple, but one cannot avoid a dark suspicion that D. D. was sometimes rather pompous and rather prosy, and as the letters proceed, a moralizing and didactic tone occasionally qualifies their natural vivacity, which would seem to have been caught from her "worthy, sensible friend." Mrs. Delany was much on the alert when bishoprics were vacant, but in 1744 the Duke of Devonshire offered her husband the deanery of Down, which they agreed in thinking "a better thing than any small bish-opric," and in June they sailed from Chester for Ireland to take possession. Mrs. Delany was delighted with Delville, her husband's miniature estate, which had been greatly improved since she saw it in former years; the picturesque gardens, with their fine view of Dublin harbor, especially charmed her, and she forthwith planned an orangery, a grotto for her favorite shells, and other additions to their beauty.

Here Mrs. Delany began a life entirely

\* Lady Llanover says that Mrs. Delany's pictures, in crayons and oils, numbered seventy-five. Judging from those engraved in her "Life and Correspondence," the portraits of her friends must have been very admirable. She also drew all the patterns for the immense quantity and variety of artistic needlework with which she furnished her own and her relations' houses.

which she turnished her own and her relations' houses, it Her friend the Duchess of Portland, who ardently sympathized with all her tastes, was then making a collection of land shells, and records triumphantly in a letter of this period, "I have killed a thousand snails!"

‡ The court dresses of the time were so extraordinary that we compute resident various markers of Mrs. Bear.

‡ The court dresses of the time were so extraordinary that we cannot resist quoting another of Mrs. Pendarves's lively descriptions: "Lady Scarborough was in violet satin, the petiticoat embroidered with clumsy festoons of nothing-at-alls, supported by pillars no better than posts. . . The Duchess of Queensbury's clothes pleased me best. They were white satin embroidered, the bottom of the petiticoa. brown kills covered with all sorts of weeds, and every breadth had an old stump of a tree, that ran up almost to the top, broken and ragged, round which twined nasturitiums, ivy, honeysuckle, periwinkles, convolvuluses, and vines with variegated leaves. The robings and facings were little green banks with all sorts of weeds, and the sleeves and the rest of the gown loose twining branches finished with gold." We commend this design to the School of Art Needlework at South Kensington.

\* Dr. Johnson praised his "Revelation examined with Candor," and Mrs. Montagu wrote in Johnsonian phrase: "In Dr. Delany's imagination I could perceive the post, in his reflections the philosopher, and in both the divise."

+ She was amusingly indignant when her restly

both the divine."

† She was amusingly indignant when her pretty grounds were not appreciated. "Lady Bell Monck walked in the garden," she writes, "and had no eyes nor understanding to see that it was not a common understanding to see that it was not a common understanding to see that it was not a common understanding to see that the was not a common understanding the saw—all the pearls were thrown away!" The viceroy and Lady Chesterfield were more discerning. They breakfasted at Delville, went all over house and grounds, and "could not have said more civil things had it been my Lord Cobham's Stowe!"

the dean relieved their poor neighbors and entertained their rich ones, with equal charity and hospitality. They generally had visitors staying in their house, often inviting the less affluent who could not otherwise have enjoyed so pleasant a change. They had a resident harper at Delville, and gave children's balls, at which Mrs. Delany herself danced all the evening; and in cold weather they kept themselves warm with "French fox " or "Puss in the corner." They worked vigorously in the gardens, and trudged all over the neighborhood by day, and in the evenings the dean read aloud, while his wife was busy with the exquisite needlework, some specimens of which are still to be seen at Windsor Castle.\* They visited Dublin when Garrick, Sheridan (father of Richard Brinsley), or Barry acted there, or when any good music was to be heard, especially if it were composed by Mrs. Delany's adored Handel. And how time was found for her huge correspondence is marvellous.

The dean evidently had an excellent heart. His wife's letters are full of his goodness to old and struggling friends, and after speaking of two weddings in the family, at one of which he was to give the bride a portion and trousseau, and a farm to the bridegroom at the other, she says, "When this is done he has not a relation left that he has not settled in some comfortable way." He also set an example to the clergy of his day by visiting all the families in his deanery, where the poor had been so neglected that they told him they had "never seen a clergyman in their lives but when they went to church."

lives but when they went to church."
In August, 1747, Mrs. Delany's mother died suddenly, whilst on her knees praying—strangely and literally fulfilling her often-expressed wish. She was buried in the precincts of Gloucester Cathedral. The dean and his wife made a pilgrimage to her tomb, and on their return to Ireland Mrs. Delany writes to her sister from Mount Panther, a small house which the dean occupied when visiting Down:—

Peeped into the garden - excellent goose-

Mrs. Delany's own taste in reading was almost omnivorous, and is fairly indicated in a note in which she asks for the return of some books she had lent her cousins, notably "Homer's Iliad and the Belle Assemblée." She was an enthusiast for Shakespeare, and for Richardson, who corresponded with her and Mrs. Dewes. She was a tardy but genuine convert to the charms of Madame de Sévigné, and read, though without much admiration, the works of Voltaire and Rousseau, and with stronger, though not unmixed sympathy, those of William Law and Dr. Romaine.

after her own heart. Together, she and the dean relieved their poor neighbors and entertained their rich ones, with equal charity and hospitality. They generally had visitors staying in their house, often inviting the less affluent who could not otherwise have enjoyed so pleasant a otherwise have enjoyed so pleasant a pleasant a capter of the p

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But even in those comparatively primitive scenes and days Mrs. Delany bewailed the rapid disappearance of rustic simplicity. Wine and tea, she said, had usurped the place of syllabub, and the dairymaids wore "large hoops and velvet hoods!"

If genuine simplicity had departed, there were still some funny imitations of it.

The grand ball [in Dublin] was given on Wednesday [she writes in 1752] to the great contentment of the best company of both sexes. The men were gallant, the ladies were courteous! The musicians and singers were dressed like Arcadian shepherdesses and shepherds, and placed among the rocks. If tea, coffee, or chocolate were wanting, you held your cup to a leaf of a tree and it was filled! and whatever you wanted to eat or drink was found on a rock, or on a branch, or in the hollow of a tree.

In the same year a cloud gathered over Delville in the shape of a long and harassing lawsuit, brought by the Tennisons, the family of the first Mrs. Delany, which lingered on for nearly six years, when it was concluded by an appeal to the House of Lords, where Lord Mansfield, "after an hour and a half's speaking with angelic oratory, pronounced the decree in our favor." Dr. Delany was to pay £3,000 and some other comparatively trifling sums — but "the dean's character is cleared," writes his wife joyously, "and set in the fair light it deserves" — and she cares for nothing else.\*

The appeal had of course involved a long residence in London, and the period of suspense was cheered by intercourse with Mrs. Delany's innumerable friends

\* When the lawsuit was first threatened Mrs. Delany made some very characteristic comments to her sister: "When I married D. D. I had no view but that of securing a tender friend and a most valuable companion, and the frowns of fortune cannot rob me of these advantages; and for 'the trash of the world' I kops I can resign it without repining should that be our case. . . . To say I am not at times dejected and oppressed would not be credited by you, who have known my heart so many years. You know that I am quick, easily alarmed, deeply affected by the common accidents of life, and that though I do not love money for its own sake, I love to spend it; that, above all, I have I fear too great a regard to fame, and that an apparent blemish on my own or my friend's character is a point of infinite consequence to me. And as this unexpected turn in our affairs has struck at both fortune and fame, it is impossible for me not to feel the blow."

and connections, amongst them one of the lovely Gunnings.

Yesterday after chapel the Duchess brought home Lady Coventry to feast me, and a feast she was! She is a fine figure and vastly handsome, notwithstanding a silly look sometimes about her mouth; she has a thousand airs, but with a sort of innocence that diverts one. Her dress was a black silk sack, made for a large hoop, which she wore without any, and it trailed a yard on the ground; a pink satin long cloak, lined with ermine, mixed with squirrel skins. On her head a French cap that just covered the top, of blonde, in the form of a butterfly with its wings not quite extended, frilled lappets crossed under her chin and tied with pink and green ribbonheaddress that would have charmed a shepherd! She has a thousand dimples and prettinesses in her cheeks, her eyes a little drooping at the corners, but fine for all that.

And here is a companion picture of another famous beauty:—

I was making tea in the cabinet last Wednesday when who should glide in but the Duchess of Queensbury, in a mob and white hood pinned close under her chin, a yellow mohair gown, no ruffles, only little frills, no hoop, a tumbled apron, and her capuchin dangling round her arm; yet there was a grace in her altogether that shone out in spite of her dress. I believe she was a little surprised at finding my rooms so full; she stopped in the outer room, and said, not seeing me there, and the rooms so fine, "I am afraid I have mistaken the house;" upon which my brother, who was at cards, got up and introduced her into the cabinet.

One good result of the lawsuit was that it brought Dr. Delany and his wife into more friendly relations with her brother Bernard Granville, who became, she says, "very good and kind" to them, and after judgment was given in the House of Lords, they visited him at Calwich.

Great was their delight on returning to Delville, no longer haunted by the dread of losing it. All their varied collection of pets welcomed them; wild birds again accompanied them on their strolls round the garden and ate from the dean's hand; and they busied themselves in completing the little chapel, on which Mrs. Delany lavished all her decorative art.

Their next visit to England, in 1760, was saddened by the severe illness of Mrs. Dewes, and by rapidly increasing signs of age in Dr. Delany. The latter was ordered to try the Bath waters, and early in the following year he accompanied Mrs. Delany to Bristol to meet Mr. and Mrs. Dewes. A few anxious months they spent together, and in July Mrs. Dewes very

calmly and peacefully passed away. This was a crushing blow to Mrs. Delany, who for half a century had sought sympathy in every joy and sorrow, every amusement and study, every hope or disappointment, in "the sister of her heart." Mrs. Delany's letters to Mrs. Dewes can in their shrewd yet gentle humor, and their evident bending of every faculty to gratify the beloved correspondent, be compared only to those of Madame de Sévigné; inferior in intellect, of course, but equal in tenderness. One of her greatest consolations on returning to Ireland was her correspondence with Mary Dewes, who seems to have greatly resembled her mother in disposition. In 1763 Mrs. Delany was again in London to chaperon this charming niece during her first season. Miss Dewes was a great favorite with her relative and godmother the Countess Cowper, whom she often visited at Richmond. After parting with Mary Dewes in June, Lady Cowper writes: -

I hope we shall meet again in August. "And is not that an age?" as Mrs. Woffington said when Sir Charles H. W. accused her of having seen Mr. Garrick that morning!

Rousseau, the friend and neighbor of her uncle Granville at Calwich, calls himself one who has been taken captive in Mary Dewes's chains, "et qui s'honore de les porter." \*

The Delanys returned to Ireland for a time, but the dean rapidly became unable to perform his duties, and resolved to cross the Channel again in 1767, probably in order that Mrs. Delany might be near her friends on their rapidly approaching separation. In the following year he died at Bath, with great composure and resignation, calling his servant to close his eyes, and then praying for and blessing him. Mary Dewes was with her aunt during the dean's last days, and as soon as Mrs. Delany could be induced to leave Bath the Duchess of Portland carried her to Bulstrode. The greater part of her time, for some years, appears to have been spent with this faithful friend, under whose care she recovered health and serenity, though in 1770 she wrote:-

I am on the whole pretty well, though a stroke is given that cannot be entirely healed, though I apply all the lenients in my power.

<sup>•</sup> In one of his graceful letters to Miss Dewes, Rousseau says: "Si je vous ai laissé, ma belle voisine, une empreinte que vous avez bien gardée, vous m'en avez laissé une autre que j'ai gardée encore mieux. Yous n'avez mon cachet ["Vitam impendere vero"] que sur un papier qui peut le perdre, mais j'ai le vôtre empreinte dans un cœur d'où rien ne peut l'effacer."

Amongst the visits made with the Duchess of Portland was one to the Garricks.

Mr. Garrick did the honors of his house very respectfully [Mrs. Delany tells her niece] and though in high spirits, seemed sensible of the honor done him. . . . As to Mrs. Garrick, the more one sees her, the better one must like her. She seems never to depart from a perfect propriety of behavior accompanied with good sense and gentleness of manners, and I cannot help looking on her as a wonderful creature, considering all circumstances relating to her.\* The house is singular (which you know I like), and seems to owe its prettiness and elegance to her good taste.
. . . It has the air of belonging to a genius.
We had an excellent dinner, nicely served, and when over went into the garden, a piece of irregular ground sloping down to the Thames, very well laid out and planted. The river appears beautiful from Shakespeare's Temple, where we drank tea and coffee, where there is a very fine statue of Shakespeare in white marble, and a great chair with a large carved frame that was his own, with a medal-lion of him fixed in the back. Lady Weymouth dined with us, and at six o'clock her fine children walked into the garden, and Mr. Garrick made himself as suitable a companion to the children as to the rest of the company, to their great delight.

The next important event in Mrs. Delany's family was the marriage of Mary Dewes to Mr. Port of Ilam, which, although a suitable one in every respect, met with the usual opposition from Mr. Granville of Calwich. At last the Duchess of Portland took matters in hand, invited the young couple to Bulstrode, and declared that they should not go away until they were married! Mrs. Delany often visited their beautiful home. They had the taste for country life and intellectual pursuits which distinguished all her family, and one of their guests at Ilam was Dr. Johnson, who told Mrs. Port that he had heard Edmund Burke describe Mrs. Delany as "a truly great woman of fashion; not only the woman of fashion of the present age but the woman of fashion of all ages, and the highest-bred woman in the world."

In 1775, when Mrs. Delany's time was mainly divided between her own house in St. James's Place, Bulstrode, and Ilam,

• Mrs. Garrick was born at Vienna, in 1725. Her maiden name was Viegel, which she changed to Violette, at the command of Maria Theresa, who admired her exquisite opera-dancing. She came to England in 1744, and on her marriage, five years later, the Earl of Burlington gave her a portion of £6,000. Her sweetness of appearance and devotion to Garrick made all his friends hers, and among the warmest was Hannah More.

where a lovely little great-niece, a third Mary, was added to its attractions, the strange story of the Duchess of Kingston and her alleged first marriage was "the talk of the town."

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The Duchess, who has been some time at Calais [writes Mrs. Delany], has a ship of her own, which she sends on her errands to England, etc. On last hearing it was coming into harbor, she went immediately on board, and asked the captain if he had brought her birds? "No, madam; I have not brought your birds, but I have brought Captain Hervey!" on which her graceless Grace hurried out of the ship with all possible speed.

In the same year Mrs. Delany describes herself as

a flaunting, frolicsome old gentlewoman, who was on Friday at Mrs. Walsingham's catches and glees, until past eleven o'clock! She was much entertained with the music, she was also a little amused and abundantly astonished at the pyramidal, towering headdresses, and the busy hum not only of female voices, though I must own they predominated. Well did the witty man say at a late assembly to Miss Seymour (who speaks several languages and all imperfectly) that now he had seen the Tower of Babel, and heard the confusion of tongues!

Mrs. Delany and her friends were indeed a group of most active, "sprightly" old ladies. She remarks that she is not quite so young, lovely, and blooming as her cousin and contemporary, Duchess Kitty; while Lady Gower, the same age (seventy-five), "walks as usual in the hottest hour of the hottest day, but has disused riding on horseback. "Tis only on account of the flies," however!"

It was not until 1778 that the Duchess of Portland presented Mrs. Delany to George III. and Queen Charlotte, at a breakfast given to them at Bulstrode. They inspected and admired her needlework and her "book of flowers," \* re-

"This marvellous work," says Lady Llanover, "at first called her 'Herbal,' afterwards her 'Flora,' Mrs. Delany began at the age of seventy-two, and continued for thirteen years," encouraged by the admiration it excited in the Duchess of Portland. It was sung (but very erroneously) by Dr. Darwin in his "Botanic Garden;" Sir Joseph Banks said that it contained "the only imitations of nature from which he could venture to describe botanically any plant without the least fear of committing an error;" and Sir Joshua Reynolds declared it to be unrivalled in perfection of outline, delicacy of cutting, accuracy of shading and perspective, and harmony and brilliance of color. Her process, so far as it can be described in a short summary, was to place the growing plant, or a branch of it, before a sheet of black paper doubled so as to form a folding screen; then by her eye she cut out each flower, "all the lights and shades and various tints" being represented by different colored paper, pasted together, which she procured from "captains of vessels coming from China, and from paper-stainers, from whom she

questing her to go to Windsor next day to see "all their children together." They received her there with the utmost kindness, and she says: -

Though age and my long retirement from court made me feel timid on being called on to make my appearance, I soon found myself perfectly at ease.

This was the beginning of a really close and genuine friendship which the king and queen manifested for Mrs. Delany. took an interest in all her pursuits, sent for her to any entertainments which they thought would interest her, supplied her with flowers to copy from the houses at Kew, and often gave her little souvenirs made more valuable by kind inscriptions. At "the Queen's House" in Windsor, in 1785, Mrs. Delany heard "The Provoked Husband" read by Mrs. Siddons.

She read standing, and had a desk with candles before her. She abridged the play, but introduced John Moody's account of the journey, and read it admirably. Lord and Lady Townley's reconciliation she worked up finely, and made very affecting.

But it was the death of the Dowager Duchess of Portland, in this year, after a very short illness, which occasioned the royal couple to show the full extent of their sympathy for Mrs. Delany. They knew that the two friends had been more than sisters, and thinking that Mrs. Delany might miss the change afforded by her long and frequent visits to Bulstrode, and wishing to see her often without causing her fatigue, they gave her a house at Windsor, and £300 a year with which to keep it up.\*

The king and queen went daily to the house, personally directing all improvements and additions, and took great pleasure in furnishing it. In August Miss Port wrote to her mother: -

Though the King is the overseer, which of course must hurry the workmen, we find it will be three weeks before the house will be ready, and three weeks longer in London at this time of year would be bad for Aunt Delany's health; for this reason the Queen kindly sent Miss Planta to say that till the house was fit for her reception she hoped my aunt would "occupy an apartment in the castle at Windsor," and on my aunt's introducing me she said, "The Queen named that young lady particularly, and expects her too."

bought pieces of paper in which the colors had run, and produced unusual tints." In this manner more than a thousand plants were faithfully imitated.

\* This sum the queen herself brought her quarterly in a pocket-book, "that it might not appear as a pension, or be diminished by taxation."

And the queen wrote: -

MY DEAREST MRS. DELANY, - If coming to me will not fatigue your spirits too much, I shall receive you with open arms, and am -Your affectionate friend,

CHARLOTTE.

One evening during their occupation of these rooms, Miss Port heard a knock at the door when she was sitting alone, and asked, "Who is there?" A voice replied, "It is me." "Me may stay where he is," cried the lively girl. Another knock, and she repeated her question. The voice again answered, "It is ME." "Me is impertinent, and may go about his business!" she said indignantly. On the knocking being renewed, some person who was with Miss Port persuaded her to open the door and see who was so persistent, when, to her unspeakable dismay, she found it was the king. All she could utter was, "What shall I say?" "Nothing at all," said the king. "You were very right to be cautious who you admitted."

When the house was at last ready for Mrs. Delany, the king's special message to her was to desire her "only to take herself, her niece [great niece, Miss Port], clothes and attendants, as stores of every

kind would be laid in for her."

Mrs. Delany arrived at her new home in the evening of September 20th, and found the king waiting to receive her, and hope she would find the house comfortable and agreeable. The queen walked over (Mrs. Delany's garden joined that of the queen's lodge) next morning, and repeated in the strongest terms their wish that she should be as easy and happy as they could possibly make her, saying that they desired to visit her "like friends." Thenceforward some of the royal family drank tea with her every day, unless she was at the castle, to which she was carried in "a very elegant new chair," a present from the king. The queen sent her a beautiful spinning-wheel, and asked for some lessons in spinning; and sometimes, unattended and unannounced, would join her at her early dinner and praise her "orange

The king and queen delighted in hearing anecdotes and recollections of Mrs. Delany's youth, which she gave with great humor. One favorite story told how, when she was a girl in Gloucestershire, she was invited to dine at the house of a gentleman in the neighborhood. As there was "company," she was very smartly dressed, with her hair arranged for the party, and only a "hat-brim" to keep the sun from her eyes; and as the road was too bad for a carriage, she was mounted on a pillion behind a steady old domestic. On their way they met a pack of hounds; Miss Granville was enchanted, the horse's mettle was roused, and old John was persuaded to join in the chase. The consequence was, her smart gown was rent in many places, her smart shoes were lost, she kept the dinner waiting, and dreaded returning home in her tattered garments; and the wild glee of the chase cost many penitential tears. It was, says Lady Llanover.

the picture Mrs. Delany drew of herself in her pink lutestring petticoat, following the hounds on a pillion, with her "brim" flying in the air and her feet without shoes, which entertained the King and Queen so much.

At Mrs. Delany's Windsor house Fanny Burney, who had been introduced to her by Mrs. Chapone, first saw the king and queen; it was chiefly through Mrs. Delany's (perhaps mistaken) kindness that she obtained that court appointment which supplied her diary with so many painful and so many amusing pages, and it is evident from the diary that, unsuitable and unpleasant as the little authoress's post of "dresser" was, it must have been infinitely more so but for the wise counsels, ready sympathy, and constant support of Mrs. Delany. How hard she strove to keep Miss Burney out of the many scrapes in which her vanity and morbid self-consciousness involved her, is most artlessly recorded by Fanny herself, and there can be little doubt that much of the queen's forbearance with her was prompted by her wish to gratify her old friend. Fanny was undoubtedly a very trying waiting-woman, partly because she was made for better things and was so fully aware of it; and what the queen liked best in her was her genuine love for Mrs. Delany, who on her part had a very high opinion of the authoress of "Evelina" - an opinion by no means shared by Lady Llanover, who in her editorial notes is wroth with what she considers Fanny's many misrepresentations. The tone in which the "Diary" records Mrs. Delany's wrongs and distresses is certainly calculated to mislead, but au reste Lady Llanover's refutations come to little more than that Mrs. Delany was under no pecuniary obligations to the Duchess of Portland, and that Fanny Burney was perhaps not quite so intimate with Mrs. Delany as she wished to make it appear. In support of these positions Mrs. Astley, Mrs. Delany's waiting-woman, is

her eyes; and as the road was too bad for called upon to testify; and her fine scorn a carriage, she was mounted on a pillion of writing folk is exquisite:—

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I am grieved [she says] to think Madame D'Arblay should have brought forward the name of my beloved mistress in the way she has in her late public work. To Mrs. Delany she was under such great obligations, and from that circumstance will enjoy £100 a year for life.\* But authors and authoresses take great latitude, they make mountains of molehills. . . . As to Madame D'Arblay's looking over Mrs. Delany's letters and papers, I doubt the truth of it; . . . but if Madame D'A. happened to look over one letter or manuscript, that was enough for an authoress to build upon!

In the autumn of 1787 Mrs. Delany had an illness, during which a favorite bird, which had belonged to the Duchess of Portland and which she kept in her own room, died. The queen had one of the same kind which she valued extremely, and fearing that the bird's loss would distress her old friend, she took her own bird to Mrs. Delany's house and placed it in the empty cage, cautioning every one not to let her discover the change. queen had but few more opportunities of showing this thoughtful affection. In the following January Mrs. Delany moved to her house in St. James's Place, and early in April she was seized with inflammation of the lungs, for which her doctors ordered bark. "She looked distressed," her waiting-maid says, and told them "she always had a presentiment that if bark were given her it would cause her death," giving her reasons for the fear. But the doctors said there was no alternative, it was the only medicine that would remove the fever. "Seeing the dear lady so averse to taking it," Mrs. Astley continues, "I offered to keep her secret and to put it away." "Oh, no!" she said, "I never was reckoned obstinate, and I will not die so." She took the medicine, and some hours afterwards she died, in her eighty-eighth year. To the last she retained all her faculties, and a friend who saw her a few months before her death, after a separation of twenty years, wrote: -

I saw the same apprehension, attention, benevolence, and enjoyment of every pleasant circumstance in her situation that you remember in her. Her inquiries, her remarks, her whole conversation, are full of life—and that kind heart is as warm as ever!

Mrs. Delany was buried in St. James's, Piccadilly, her parish church; her epitaph was written by Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester.

<sup>\*</sup> The pension Miss Burney received from the queen on resigning her appointment as "dresser."

for Queen Charlotte, when the madness and blindness of the king, the riotous life and undutiful conduct of the Prince of Wales, and her own growing and ill-de-served unpopularity rent her heart, she must have sorely missed the loving and admiring friend in whom she freely confided, because her discretion was as faultless as her affection was disinterested and sincere.

From The Edinburgh Review. FRENCH PREACHERS IN THE THIR-TEENTH CENTURY.\*

M. LECOY DE LA MARCHE has not merely added a new chapter to ecclesiastical history, but has done good service to civil history also by the publication of the present work. He has given to the world in a compact form, and with the terseness so commendable in the French prose-writers of our time, the result of the wide and deep researches which he has made in the homiletic literature of the Middle Ages. The original matter contained in his book is derived from the perusal of a vast number of sermons, mostly preached in France in the thirteenth century, and now preserved in manuscript in the great national and provincial libraries of that country. From this rich and hitherto unwrought mine he has extracted with singular judgment and sagacity whatever might seem to illustrate the contemporary state of religion, manners, and society in France.

The features of the age on which he has bestowed this attention were strongly marked. The Papal system was still in full force. The dawn of the Reformation had not yet commenced. The institutions of feudalism and chivalry, if partially undermined, were outwardly unimpaired. But that which specially commends the thirteenth century to our interest is the fresh spirit of inquiry which was everywhere abroad. "The popular mind throughout Christendom," says Milman, "seemed at that time to demand instruction. There was a wide and vague wakening and yearning of the human intellect. An insatiate thirst of curiosity, of inquiry, at least for mental spiritual excitement, seemed almost suddenly to have pervaded

The work of M. Lecoy de la Marche obtained the prize proposed by the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres in 1867 for the best essay treating of the sermons preached or composed in France in the thirteenth century, and deducing from them such information as they might yield touching the manners of the time, the national character, the use of the vulgar tongue, and generally illustrative of religious and civil history. The president of the Academy bestowed high encomiums on the successful essay for the erudition and literary sagacity which it displayed, and for the new light which it shed on the subject proposed for investigation.

The first part of the book treats of the preachers of the period, the second of the sermons, the third of the state of society, so far as it may be collected from the sermons. Though our attention will be chiefly directed to the third of these divisions, there are many points of interest in the former two which cannot be altogether overlooked.

In order to ascertain the primitive type of the sermon, our author goes back to the first ages of the Church, and shows from ancient authorities (which he has chiefly derived from the "Origines Ecclesiasticæ" of our own Bingham) that, besides the exhortations and expositions of gospel truth which were addressed to the heathen, regular pastoral instruction was also given to the faithful, and that this duty was in the primitive Church reserved to the bishops, as representatives and successors of the Apostles. This kind of instruction was communicated not in a set discourse, nor with impassioned appeals to the conscience, but in a familiar conference or dialogue, and hence came to be called homilia, a word at first represented in Latin (as St. Augustine says) by the term tractatus popularis, and afterwards by sermo. The word oratio, which might have implied that those catechetical discourses had a rhetorical character, was never applied to them, but, in strict accordance with its proper sense, a pleading was confined by the Church to the

In the dark days that were approaching | society." This yearning after knowledge called forth great missionary enterprises, first on the part of the heretics and afterwards on a far grander scale on the part of the Church. The slumbering eloquence of the pulpit was rekindled; and there was a corresponding revival of faith and charity among the people, owing in a great measure to the fervid zeal and the astonishing self-denial of the Dominican and Franciscan orders.

La Chaire Française au Moyen Age, spéciale-ment au XIIIme Siècle, d'après les manuscrits con-temporains. Par A. Lecoy de la Marche. Paris: 1868.

A few of these primioffice of prayer. tive homilies, delivered in the third century by St. Hippolytus, the disciple of St. Irenæus, were committed to writing, and were extant in the time of St. Jerome, and two centuries later were referred to in the decrees of the Lateran Council of A.D.

In the reign of Constantine the profane arts were invoked to the aid of religion; and then began the golden age (as it is commonly regarded) of sacred eloquence. The homiletic works of St. Basil, St. Gregory, St. Chrysostom, St. Jerome, St. Augustine, have never ceased to exercise an elevating influence on the preaching of the Church, even though they may at all times, and especially in the Middle Ages, have been followed more closely in their faults than in their excellences, and may have given rise to many vapid imita-

tions and puerile conceits.

From the sixth century Christian eloquence in some measure declined, being involved in the general downfall of arts and literature which was consequent on the dissolution of the Roman Empire. The decline, however, was in elegance rather than in force; and a great and lasting impression was made by the energetic preaching of St. Remigius, St. Augustine, and St. Boniface on the Franks of Gaul, on the Saxons of Britain, and on the Teutonic tribes of Germany; while St. Cæsarius of Arles and St. Avitus of Vienne contended not unsuccessfully against the refined subtleties of the Arians in the south. This activity in the preaching office of the Church is to be attributed mainly to the impulse given to missionary efforts by the zeal of Charlemagne. After the eighth century, however, preaching languished and almost fell into desuetude, and there was no recovery till the eleventh century, which produced that great luminary of Christendom St. Bernard. His impassioned eloquence was the primum mobile of the second Crusade; but none of those fiery appeals were committed to writing by which he wrought up the enthusiasm of the multitudes to a perfect frenzy, and induced men of all classes to take up the cross and at the sacrifice of every earthly joy and comfort to set forth against the infidel. All the sermons of this epoch which are now extant have a studied and learned style, more redolent of the school and the cloister than of the market-place. They seem to have been addressed to clerks and monks, not to the common people. There was a general office of preaching. The Church was dearth of popular instruction; for the everywhere roused to a laudable rivalry

clergy were luxurious and lazy, and their supineness afforded a powerful weapon to those who were propagating the tenets of the growing sect of the Waldenses. The heretical preachers also had this great advantage, that they were poor; they had sprung from the lower classes of the people, they felt for the people, they spoke the language of the people; and they made their spiritual teaching more acceptable by blending with it the most unmeasured vituperation of the clergy, some of whom were generally odious for their wealth, their pride, and their immorality, while the rest, if giving no cause of offence on any of these grounds, were despised for their lack of activity, ability, and zeal. length the emulation of the Church was aroused, and a new impulse given to her energies, by the devoted labors and the

success of her adversaries.

In the year 1205 it is related that a Spanish canon, with his bishop, was passing on a journey through the city of Montpelier. There they fell in with three legates of the Holy See, who had been sent on a mission by the pope for the purpose of bringing back the Albigensian heretics within the pale of the Church. These prelates were so cast down by their ill success that they were on the point of writing to the pope to renounce the hopeless task which they had undertaken, when the bishop and his companion exclaimed, as if prompted by a sudden inspiration: "These heretics confront you with the image of poverty. Fight them with the same weapon; preach by your example, array truth against falsehood, and you will succeed." Struck with the force of this rebuke, the legates dismissed their suite, and prepared, with the assistance of those who had given them such good advice, to begin their work again with more earnestness and better hope. And though their plans were deranged soon afterwards by the outbreak of the bloody war of the Albigenses, the new principle which they had taken for their guidance did not fall to the ground. The canon who had sug-gested the reform, and who henceforth devoted all his powers to it, soon became well known to the world as St. Dominic, the founder of the preaching friars. A few years afterwards a similar brotherhood was instituted by St. Francis of Assisi, for the exemplary observance of evangelical poverty and for the religious instruction of the people. By their means an extraordinary impulse was given to the

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ment. The sermon became a regular and an effective part of the public service, and it was probably the more spirit-stirring inasmuch as it was the only form in which eloquence, or anything approaching to eloquence, was known. The bar was silent; political oratory was as yet unknown. Public speaking there was none except in the pulpit; and even there it began again to deteriorate towards the close of the century, when the taste arose for scholastic subtleties, trivial familiarities, and nonnatural interpretations of Scripture.

The duty of preaching, which, as we have reason to believe, was in the first ages confined to the bishop, was extended, as the exigencies of the Church increased, to the inferior orders of the hierarchy; and St. Augustine is said to have been the earliest example of a preaching priest in the Western Church, having been authorized to discharge this office in the place of his bishop, who was a foreigner and unacquainted with the African dialect. In later times the curate of each parish was required to expound the gospel to his people on Sundays and feastdays, and to recite to them a homily of one of the great doctors of the Church, especially of St. Gregory. Besides those who had the cure of souls there were several other classes of persons, admitted to the sacerdotal order, who contributed to adorn the pulpit by their eloquence. Among these may be mentioned the chancellors of Notre Dame, the almoners of the court, the graduates in the faculty of theology, and above all the doctors of the Sorbonne. At the epoch which we are considering the order of deacons appears to have been rarely authorized to preach, notwithstanding the example set by St. Stephen and his colleagues, and the practice which prevailed in France in the sixth century of permitting the deacon to read or recite homilies of the fathers when the priest was disabled by illness. At the present day the deacons in the French Church can only preach by special per-

Among the great company of preachers, whose names the industry of our author has recalled from oblivion, it may be sufficient for us to mention one, who for his masculine and popular style deserves to be distinguished above all the rest. The divine of whom we speak, Jacques de Vitry, acquired his fame chiefly in France, though as canon and euré of Liège, patrithough as canon and curé of Liège, patri-arch of Jerusalem, and cardinal of Tuscu-lum, he had ministered in many other of the Holy Week all the candles in the VOL. LXVI. LIVING AGE.

of those who had commenced the move-| countries. His mind was well stored with various kinds of knowledge, which he had acquired in the course of his travels. was one of the most lettered men of his age, acquainted, as it is said, with Greek and Arabic literature. He wrote a history of the Crusades, describing, from his own observation, many of the calamities to which they gave rise. In his sermons also he frequently referred to the incidents which occurred during his residence in Palestine. His style of preaching was racy and familiar, enlivened by anecdotes, fables, and apologues, and by quotations derived from profane as well as sacred authors. Shortly before his death, which took place A.D. 1240, he made a collection of his sermons, a portion of which has been published; but the most instructive and curious of them still remain in manuscript. In the preface he gives practical rules, accompanied sometimes by humorous illustrations, for the preacher's guidance. Thus he relates how he aroused the flagging attention of a numerous audience by exclaiming, "The sleeper in you corner will not hear the secret which I am now going to tell you." Every one took the rebuke as intended for himself, and listened with renewed interest to the solemn truths which he proceeded to incul-

> The preacher, if he could but engage the earnest attention of his hearers, would often be glad to put up with an occasional interruption, though it took the form of a demand for explanation, or even of an objection to what he had said. In the early ages of the Church the faithful were accustomed to attest their approbation of an eloquent sermon by loud bursts of applause; and it was in vain that decrees of Councils were passed to suppress such unseemly demonstrations. In the thirteenth century either the preachers were less moving or the congregations more critical, and if a voice proceeded from the crowd it was not to commend the discourse, but "to hint a doubt or hesitate dislike." A notable instance of this is recorded by Robert de Sorbon, the founder of the famous seminary which took his name, and himself an eminent preacher.

> A learned divine [he says], while preaching before the King of France, asserted that not only did the Apostles forsake our Lord at the Passion, but that their faith failed them, and that the Blessed Virgin alone remained faithful throughout that time of trial until the resur-

church save one, from which at Easter they were to be lighted again. A dignitary who was present rose to censure the preacher, and bade him confine himself to that which was written, according to which, although the Apostles forsook their Lord in person, their hearts went with Him. From being thus ad-monished the preacher was about to retract his statement, when the King interposed in his behalf, observing that the proposition which had just been delivered from the pulpit could not be contravened, and was supported by the authority of St. Augustine, a copy of whose works the King desired to see. When the book was brought he at once turned to the passage of the Commentary on St. John, in which the illustrious Father thus expresses himself: "They fled, forsaking Him both in heart and person" ("Fugerunt, relicto eo corde et corpore"). It is needless [says our author] to add that the only sovereign of France sufficiently versed in sacred literature to give such a lesson to an ecclesiastic was Louis IX. (St. Louis), who was also the friend of Richard de Sorbon, the narrator of the

The sermon was usually delivered in the course of the office of the mass, after the reading of the gospel, and was therefore called, according to Du Cange, le prône, from praconium. Sometimes also an afternoon discourse was given, or the morning sermon was continued after dinner. The term collation, the same in meaning as conference, was applied to these post-prandial expositions, and was in time extended to the repast with which they were connected.

The sermons which remain to us from the Middle Ages were in general compiled from notes made at the time of delivery, or soon afterwards, by one of the hearers and corrected and expanded by the preacher. Sometimes he committed them himself to writing after delivery. It is not probable that in any case we have the ipsissima verba which were used, as the custom of writing out the sermon in full did not then prevail. The preacher sometimes improvised his discourse; but of such purely extemporaneous effusions it is not likely that any have been preserved; more commonly the sermon was prepared with care and learnt by heart. Those at least which are now extant seem generally to bear the marks of premeditation.

In estimating the difficulties which the clergy had to encounter in instructing their people, we must not overlook the gradual divergence which was taking place between the Romance or vernacular dialect and the more classical form of the

of the extant sermons of St. Bernard has been a subject of controversy. Those of Maurice of Sully have been preserved both in French and Latin versions, which appear to be contemporaneous. Some writers contend that towards the middle of the thirteenth century the preachers began to condescend to the popular ignorance by using a barbarous mélange of French and Latin phrases. Our author maintains, and seems to us abundantly to establish, the opinion that at this period sermons addressed to the laity, even if composed in Latin, were delivered entirely in French, and that sermons addressed to the clergy were usually (except when the clergy belonged to an inferior class) delivered in Latin. He quotes the old saying, "Lingua Romana coram clericis saporem suavitatis non habet;" and adduces the epitaph of the abbé Notger, who died in 998, as a conclusive testimony on the subject : -

Vulgari plebem, clerum sermone latino Erudit, et satiat magni dulcedine verbi.

It would appear from this that at the end of the tenth century the mass of the people in France were no longer able to follow a preacher who addressed them in Latin. The existence of sermons in both a French and a Latin form may probably be accounted for by supposing that, having been delivered in French, and first committed to writing in that language, they were afterwards translated into Latin for the use of the clergy. The correctness of this hypothesis is, in some instances, confirmed by the traces of French idiom which are retained in the Latin version, as where the sentence "Tout le monde pleurait" is rendered, "Totus mundus plorabant."

As regards the general character of the sermons, it may be gathered from our author that in the exposition of Scripture the preacher, in conformity with the spirit of the age, which tended to mysticism, too often sought for symbolical and allegorical interpretations, to the neglect of the literal and historical sense. Controversial questions of doctrine were not discussed, with the exception of the dogma of the immaculate conception, which at that time was much in debate, and was the chief subject of contention between the Dominicans and the Franciscans, the negative being supported by St. Thomas, the affirmative by Duns Scotus. Altogether the cultus of the Blessed Virgin, which had Latin tongue, which was the language of been greatly promoted by St. Bernard, rethe educated classes. The original idiom | ceived a considerable development in the

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Jaco B third treat Frei serm ject care. ment rials of her praise. Texts altogether irrelevant were made to apply to her. It became the custom to invoke her aid at the commencement of every discourse. Her altars were multiplied; pilgrimages to her shrines became popular, and were be-lieved to be attended with miraculous

benefits.

But while in their doctrine and ceremonial the clergy were thus pandering to the heathenism which lingered then, and still holds its ground among the multitudes of the people, in their practical teaching they appear to have enforced a high standard of morality. They did not wink at the vices of the rich. They encouraged the poor to take a cheerful view of their lot in life, maintaining that a merry heart is the privilege of God's faithful people, that sadness is a defect, not an ornament to the Christian character. By insisting that earthly happiness consists not in temporal enjoyments, and by leading men to lay up their treasure in heaven, they struck from the hands of the heretics, as our author asserts, the most formidable weapon for assault against the Church, and they deferred for three centuries the era of the Reformation; and it was only when abuses shot up again to more than their former height that Luther was raised up to be their successful adversary. Among the most remarkable features of that age were the promptness with which men succored the unfortunate, and their readiness to forego the good things of this life; and doubtless the example of the newly founded mendicant orders contributed not a little to produce this effect. The chief physical scourge of the time was leprosy. According to Matthew Paris, as many as nineteen hundred leper hospitals existed in Christendom. Princes, clergy, and noble ladies, overcoming their natural repugnance to the loathsome malady, vied with each other in waiting upon those who were afflicted by it, and tending them with their own hands; and exhortations, specially intended for the sufferers, and conveying in the tenderest terms the consolations of religion, were composed by Cardinal Jacques de Vitry.

But it is time we should turn to the third portion of the present work, which treats of the contemporaneous state of French society, as it is disclosed in the sermons. Upon this branch of his subject our author has bestowed especial care, and has shown a chastened judgment, as well in the selection of his materials as in the conclusions which he has

thirteenth century. The sermons are full | drawn from them. At the outset he gives the student who would follow him a very necessary caution. It is the office of the preacher, he says, to deal in reproofs rather than in compliments; and he must color his pictures highly, if he would strike the imagination, or arouse the conscience, or engage the affections. An allowance must therefore always be made for the unfavorable view of the religious and moral character of an age, which may be found in the discourses of its preachers. Thus the representation of life and manners, with which we are now concerned, has the disadvantage of being in some degree distorted; but, on the other hand, it has the merit of having been drawn by

those who were eyewitnesses.

In the social landscape which our author here presents to us the state of affairs ecclesiastical occupies the first place, as it undoubtedly did in the minds of the men of the thirteenth century. To them the Church was set forth as the source and centre of all earthly authority, its visible head and representative, the pope, being invested with the power of deposing princes, and having a better right to exercise it than the suzerain has to deprive the lesser lords of their fiefs, inasmuch as the things spiritual are superior to the things carnal. The figure of the pope is the one central figure, predominant over every other. His legates are welcomed wherever they go with magnificent receptions, and honored with tokens of profound obedience alike from the obsequious preachers and from the prostrate multitudes.

Against the bishops and clergy, how-ever, serious charges are made of indolence, simony, nepotism, luxury, and still greater scandals. A priest is said to have returned from the other world, and to have given a harrowing account of prelates whom he had seen there carrying heavy burdens about their necks, even the sins of the souls for whom in life they had been responsible. The pontiffs are held up to reprobation, who clothed themselves in purple and feasted on oysters, worthy followers of Dives in the parable. The inferior clergy are accused of the love of money and of accumulating pluralities, contrary to the express decrees of councils. The priests are said to have been effeminate in their gait, their dress scrupulously neat, their hair well curled and combed, the parting clearly defined, the tonsure scarcely visible, the face new shaven, the skin polished with pounce, the head uncovered, the fingers brilliant with rings

palaces for themselves, and are ambitious of having in Paris such houses as the English barons have in London. This last accusation, as the author of it, Cardinal Eudes, of Châteauroux, had never been in England, is a curious evidence that the reputation for comfort which the English enjoy is of a respectable antiquity.

The ideal of a good king, as drawn by the preachers, is scarcely less perfect, and is more consonant with our English notion of a constitutional monarch than that which might be derived from the more philosophical treatise of Montesquieu. True nobility, say they, resides in the soul, not in the blood. They admit the advantage which the hereditary principle possessed, e.g., in France, over the elective system as it existed in Italy or Hungary; but they do not allow the "divine right" of kings, and assert that a dynasty has no indefeasible right to the throne, and may be set aside, as Scriptural examples show, if it fails to govern righteously.

The king must prefer the good and repress the wicked; he must protect the churches and the poor, and minister equal justice to all; renounce self-indulgence, lest, like the invincible Hannibal and the victorious Xerxes, he be conquered by himself; he must keep flatterers and stage-players at a distance; he must be a father to the orphan and a friend to the widow, merciful to the condemned, not severe in judgment, judging himself first, simple in his manners, well acquainted with law, divine and human, and with profane as well as sacred literature; for, according to an ancient saying, an unlettered king is but a crowned ass. The king is bound to place the public welfare above all personal and dynastic considerations.

The preachers regarded St. Louis as their model king; and long after his death, when at the end of their sermons they used the customary prayer for the weal of his soul, they added this expressive clause, "not that he has any need of our prayers."

In the thirteenth century the palmy days of chivalry were past. It was declining from its best and purest state; and the pulpit began to resound with complaints of the cupidity, the violence, and the dissolute lives of the nobles, the knights, and their retainers. Instead of being the defenders of the Church, as in former times, they were become its persecutors. They detained the tithes and other Church dues; they paid no respect to the right of sanctuary; they laid their sacrilegious hands on holy persons as well as on holy things; they showed their bravery | grims who visited that city. Being one

and the eyes with smiles. They build not by chastising brigands, or joining the standard of their suzerain, but by waylaying wealthy travellers, or pillaging the caravans of merchants passing along the highroad near their castles, those castles which, "having been built as places of refuge for the unfortunate, had become nests of vultures." They were degenerate warriors, dressing themselves for war as if they were going to a marriage; their talk was of feasting when they were in camp, and of fighting only when they were at their feasts. They had a passion for the pomp of war, no stomach for its reality. They gave themselves immoderately to jousts and tournaments, which were forbidden alike by the civil power under St. Louis and by the Church in the Lateran Council of 1139. The noble who gave a tournament sometimes incurred such expense as brought ruin on himself and his family. It not unfrequently happened also that one who had a private feud against his neighbor took the opportunity of gratifying his revenge at a tournament by treacherously violating the laws of the combat. It was not as military exercises that these displays were censured by the Church, but as occasions for indulging in a licentiousness of morals, which was varnished over with the semblance of gallantry, refinement, and poetry.

The military orders also, to which had been committed the defence of the Holy Land, were become degenerate and disso-The two orders especially of the Knights Templars and the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem were at variance with each other, and between them the cause for which the Crusaders had shed so much precious blood was wellnigh lost.

The burgher class of Paris (the type in this respect, says our author, of their successors at the present day) had little taste The appearance of a priest for sermons. in the pulpit was a signal for the citizens to leave the church. Possibly they did not wish to be reminded of their fraudulent dealings, which were unsparingly denounced by the clergy. The tavernkeepers were accused of mixing water with their wine, or bad wine with good; the dairy-keeper of adulterating her milk. The butchers also had their tricks of trade. They sold the flesh of diseased cattle. In illustration of this practice Jacques de Vitry, in one of his sermons, relates an incident which, he says, actually occurred during his residence in Palestine. A butcher at Acre was in the habit of selling diseased meat to the pil-

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eyes that of ir be a who silve in lif unwo day taken prisoner by the Saracens and brought before the sultan, he regained his liberty by pleading the good he did in causing the death of so many Christians every year. "The drapers have one ell for buying and another for selling. But the Devil has a third, with which, as the proverb says, he will make their sides ache. They sell their goods in dark alleys, where no one can observe the quality; therefore they shall themselves be cast out into the outer darkness." The money-changers and goldsmiths, who had their booths on the great bridge over the Seine at Paris, conspired to debase the currency, and put in circulation counterfeit coins, which were distinguishable from good money only by being softer to the touch.

It was at the annual fairs (called nundinæ, and sometimes festa) that the chief impulse was given to commercial enterprise. They were opened with religious observances, including an appropriate sermon. In one of these discourses the principle is enunciated which might be adopted as the motto of the international exhibitions of the nineteenth century: "It is God's will that no country should be in all things sufficient for itself, but that each should be dependent on others, in order that they may all be united to-gether in the bonds of friendship." In general the business of the week was suspended on the Lord's Day.

The life of the merchants who resorted to these fairs, notwithstanding the hardships and dangers to which they were exposed in travelling from place to place, was far from disagreeable. The Count of Poitiers, it is said, was desirous of ascertaining for himself what was the happiest condition of life. He disguised himself, therefore, and tried in succession every phase of human existence, and he discovered none more fruitful of enjoyment than that of the strolling merchants who frequented the fairs. Yet when he found that after the jovial repasts at the taverns he had a bill to pay, and that not a morsel was to be had without money, he wisely thought it best to resume his own original mode of living.

Among the various crimes to which the mercantile spirit gave birth, not one in the eyes of the Church was so infamous as that of usury. In those days the taking of interest on a loan was not admitted to be a legitimate mode of gain; and those who resorted to it, "worshippers of the silver cross," as they were called, were in life detested and after death accounted

rule, however, there seems to have been some exceptions, as the following story shows. The body of a defunct usurer had been placed in a coffin, but when it was to be taken to the cemetery it could not be moved; it seemed to adhere to the ground. At length one of the elders of the place sagely observed: "It is the custom in our town for every one to be borne to the grave by his fellow-craftsmen, a priest by priests, a butcher by butchers, and the like. You have only one thing to do: send for four usurers." This advice was taken, and the compeers of the deceased, on their arrival, lifted the bier without difficulty and bore it away.

Nevertheless usury prospered. Many a brave knight on starting for the Crusades borrowed money, the repayment of which with interest reduced his family to indigence. Pursuing steadily his illicit gains, the usurer raised himself by little and little from his mean estate, and increased in dignity as he increased in wealth. If, to begin with, his name was Galeux, by-andby he was addressed as Martin Galeux; next he became Monsieur Martin Galeux, and at last culminated in Monseigneur Martin Galeux. Such were the degrees of social distinction. They remind us of the Marcus Dama of Persius.

Every morning and evening the artisans in the towns resorted to the market-place to seek for employment or to receive their wages. The clergy availed themselves of this opportunity to speak to them of spiritual things, to cheer them for their day's work, and lead them to be content with their lot.

The condition of woman was one of the subjects on which there existed in the thirteenth century a conflict of extreme opinions. On the one hand it was the tendency of the sour asceticism which was fostered in the cloister to represent the daughters of Eve as the instruments of Satan, incapable of good, the source of all that is evil; on the other hand the sentiments produced by chivalry would fain invest them with superhuman perfection. The sermons of the time are sometimes extravagant in the former direction, as when the wife of Pilate is said to have been a monster of iniquity, because she endeavored, by letting her husband know of her dream, to prevent the crucifixion of our Lord and the salvation of mankind. But in general the preachers give honor to the "weaker vessel," and uphold the dignity of marriage; and if, as was to be expected of them in that age of mysticism, unworthy of Christian burial. To this they occasionally bestow praise on celi-

in their popular discourses, is regarded as the normal condition of humanity. Marriage was not to be contracted by a youth before the age of fourteen, nor by a maiden before twelve. The wife was to be the companion and equal of the husband, neither to be his slave nor to rule him; and, according to a favorite mediæval illustration, a token of this equality was given when the first woman was taken, not from the head, nor from the foot, but from the side of man. The mutual respect of the married couple was shown in those days by their addressing each other as Monsieur and Madame (Domine, Domina), after the example, as it was said, of Abraham and Sarah.

We have not observed any reference in

M. Lecoy's book to the habit, which seems to have been more common in the Middle Ages than in our own, of interlarding familiar conversation with profane oaths. Every nobleman had his own peculiar oath, called juron and solenne juramentum in French and Latin, as surely as he had his blazon or device. If he had not the ingenuity to invent a form of asseveration for himself, he adopted one which was already current. The common people of course followed in this, as in other bad ways, the example of their betters, and the practice of profane swearing be-came universal. Some illustrious persons derived a sobriquet from their favorite oath. In a rhyme quoted by Brantôme in his life of Francis I., King Charles VIII. was styled "Par le jour Dieu," and Francis I. "Foi de Gentilhomme." Several of our own Plantagenet and Tudor kings might have been distinguished in the same manner. In the earlier days of these blasphemous expletives the attempt was repeatedly made to put them down, and laws were passed by Philippe Auguste, Louis IX., and Philippe de Valois forbidding them under pain of the severest pun-

bacy, it is the married state which, at least | into Corbieu or Corbleu, Morbleu, Ventrebleu; and still further, in order to obliterate the still significant and offensive termination, into Cordienne, etc., and this form by the ladies was abbreviated into Pardi, Mordi, etc., while the peasants had their "Par ma fi" (foi), of which "Par ma fique," "Par ma fiquette" appear as byforms. La Trémouille swore "Par la vraie corps Dieu," Bayard "Par mon serment;" the saintly Jeanne d'Arc, who broke the fierce Lahire of his coarse habit of blaspheming, swore "Par mon bâton," or "Par mon martin." We might have expected that a fashion so prevalent in the thirteenth century, and so severely con-demned by the civil power, would not have been allowed by the preachers to pass unscathed. Possibly in their eyes it stood on the doubtful border between solemnity and propriety, and they may have been willing to give it the benefit of the doubt. In general, however, it would appear that the sermons of that age were plain-spoken and unsparing in their denunciations of vice and immorality. They betray no truckling to the great, no preference either for the rich or the poor. Their rebukes are not expressed in vapid declamation and vague generalities, but often, as we have seen, go very boldly and clearly to the point. Probably the cream of them has been served up in this volume, and the author is entitled to our thanks for having travelled through a somewhat unattractive field of inquiry, and may receive our congratulations that his labors have borne such good fruit.

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From Temple Bar. THE PROTOTYPES OF THACKERAY'S CHARACTERS.

In a letter to an American friend, who was seeking the prototypes of some of her father's characters, and especially of George Warrington and Blanche Amory, Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie used these words: -

My father scarcely ever put real characters into his books, though he of course found suggestions among the people with whom he was thrown. I have always thought there was something of himself in Warrington. Perhaps the serious part of his nature was vaguely drawn in that character. There was also a little likeness to his friend Edward Fitzgerald, who always lived a very solitary life.

ishments, such as flogging and piercing

the tongue with an iron. The only effect

of this legislation was that some of the

more popular oaths were subjected, by

way of disguise, to ingenious transforma-tions. Thus Corps Dieu, Ventre Dieu,

<sup>\*</sup> These particulars are chiefly derived from "Les trois Reines," par X. B. Saintine, p. 250.

Mort Dieu, were corrupted, or improved, \* The old rhyme is thus given by Brantôme: -

<sup>&</sup>quot;Quand la Pasque Dieu décéda, Par le jour Dieu luy succéda; Le Diable m'emporte s'en tint près; Foy de Gentil-homme vint après. [Louys XI.] [Charles VIII.] [Louys XII.] [François I.]"

Similar verses are to be found in the "Epitheton des Quatre Rois" of Roger de Collerye (alias Roger Bontemps).

I was a girl the Blanche Amory type was a great deal more common than it is now, and I remember several young ladies who used to sing and laugh and flirt very amusingly, but I am quite sure you will not find anything definite anywhere.

Thackeray himself makes a similar disclaimer in that admirable little "Roundabout" paper "De Finibus," But, on the other hand, Edmund Yates asserts that "it was a pleasant peculiarity of Mr. Thackeray's to make semi-veiled but unmistakable allusions in his books to persons at the time obnoxious to him." And he instances the fact that during the unpleasant episode at the Garrick Club, which lost him Thackeray's friendship, and estranged Dickens and Thackeray, "out came the (I think) seventh number of 'The Virginians,' casting a wholly irrelevant and ridiculous lugged-in-by-the-shoulders allusion to me as Young Grub Street in its pages." Mr. Yates feelingly adds that this was "generally considered to be hitting below the belt while pretending to fight on the square, and to be unworthy of a man in Thackeray's position." In a succeeding number of the same story there was another fling at Yates as "my dear young literary friend, George Garbage."
George Augustus Sala, whose "Twice

Around the Clock" papers were then running through the Welcome Guest, referred humorously to "Mr. Polyphemus the novelist" and his "Tom Thumb foes "-"George Garbage" and "Young Grub - and asked what was the effect of all the thunder that had been launched against them:

Is Grub Street [he inquired] in some murky den, with a vulture's quill dipped in vitriol, inditing libels upon the great, good, and wise of the day? Wonder upon wonders, Grub Street sits in a handsome study, listening to his wife laughing over her crochet-work at Mr. Polyphemus's last attack on him, and dandling a little child upon his knee! Oh,

dandling a little child upon his knee! the strange world in which we live, and the post that people will knock their heads against! That "Pendennis" was in a measure

autobiographical, and that many of the novelist's friends were introduced into it under more or less thin disguises, is evident from many passages in the recently published "Letters" to Mrs. Brookfield, and is, indeed, confessed in this note to George Moreland Crawford, Paris correspondent of the London Daily News, which accompanied a presentation copy of the book : -

talks and faces - of William John O'Connell, Jack Sheehan, and Andrew Archdecne. There is something of you in Warrington, but he is not fit to hold a candle to you, for, taking you all around, you are the most genuine fellow that ever strayed from a better world into this. You don't smoke, and he is a consumed smoker of tobacco; Bordeaux and port were your favorites at the "Deanery" and the "Garrick," and Warrington is always guz-zling beer; but he has your honesty, and, like you, could not posture if he tried. You have a strong affinity for the Irish. May you some day find an Irish girl to lead you to matrimony; there's no such good wife as a daughter of Erin.

Warrington, therefore, seems to have been drawn largely from Crawford, although there is probably some truth in Mrs. Ritchie's suggestion that it vaguely represents the serious side - the Dr. Jekyll side - of Thackeray's own character. The vain, frivolous, snobbish side the Dr. Hyde side — is undoubtedly presented in Arthur Pendennis. Indeed, some of the sketches of Arthur are recognizable portraits of the author-artist. Andrew Archdecne stood for Foker, Sheehan for Captain Shandy, and William

John O'Connell for Costigan. Archdecne, like Foker, was small in stature and owned a large estate, which enabled him to gratify his tastes for eccentric clothing and for sports of all kinds. He especially delighted in driving coaches as an amateur. With O'Connell, Sheehan, and Crawford, he was in the habit of frequenting a tavern near St. Paul's known as the Deanery, because it had been presided over by "Ingoldsby" Barham a canon of the neighboring cathedral. Archie was good-natured enough, but he never quite forgave Thackeray his carica-ture. The night that Thackeray delivered his first lecture on the "English Humorists," Archdecne was present, and, meeting him later at the Cider Cellars Club surrounded by a coterie of congratulators, he called out: "How are you, Thack? I was at your show to-day at Willis's. What a lot of swells you had there - yes! But I thought it was dull — devilish dull! I will tell you what it is, Thack, you want a piano!"

William John O'Connell was a cousin of the Liberator, and Edmund Yates describes him as an Irish gentleman "of the old fighting, drinking, creditor-defying school," who lived in London nobody exactly knew how.

He was a very handsome old man, with a You will find much to remind you of old red face and white hair, walked lame from the

and had the deepest, most rolling, most delightful brogue. With a compatriot named O'Gorman Mahone, he also shared the honor of being the Mulligan of "Mrs. Perkins's

In the "Roundabout" paper already alluded to, Thackeray asserts that he had invented Costigan, "as I suppose authors invent their personages," out of "scraps, heel-taps, odds and ends of characters." And he tells the following entertaining story which, he says, happened ten years after the publication of "Pennennis:"-

I was smoking in a tavern parlor one night, and this Costigan came into the room alive the very man; the most remarkable resem-blance of the printed sketches of the man, of the rude drawings in which I had depicted him. He had the same little coat, the same battered hat, cocked on one eye, the same twinkle in that eye. "Sir," said I, knowing him to be an old friend whom I had met in unknown regions, "Sir," I said, "may I offer you a glass of brandy-and-water?" "Bedad, ye may," says he, "and I'll sing ye a song tu." Of course he spoke with an Irish brogue. Of course he had been in the army; in ten minutes he pulled out an army agent's account whereon his name was written; a few months after we read of him in a police court. How had I come to know him, to divine him? Nothing shall convince me that I have not seen that man in the world of spirits; in the world of spirits and water I know I did, but that is a mere quibble of I was not surprised when he spoke in an Irish brogue. I had had cognizance of him before, somehow.

Elsewhere Thackeray tells a similar story about another of his characters : -

A gentleman came in to see me the other day who was so like the picture of Philip Fir-min in Mr. Walker's charming drawings in the Cornhill Magazine, that he was quite a curiosity to me. The same eyes, beard, shoulders, just as you have seen them from month to month. Well, he is not like the Philip Firman in my mind. Asleep, asleep in the grave, lies the bold, the generous, the reckless, the tender-hearted creature whom I have made to pass through those adventures which have just been brought to an end. It is years since I heard the laughter ringing, or saw the bright blue eyes. When I knew him both were young; I become young as I think of

Thackeray's recently published "Letters" give much interesting information as to the lay figures from whom he modelled his characters, although the good taste of the editor has in all cases suppressed the real names. We are left, therefore, to conjecture the identity of the | ter us and cleanse us!

effects of a bullet in his hip received in a duel; | person described in the following paragraph, who evidently sat for the Fotheringay: -

> She is kind, frank, open-handed, not very refined, with a warm outpouring of language, and thinks herself the most feeling creature in the world; the way in which she fascinates some people is quite extraordinary. affected me by telling me of an old friend of ours in the country — Dr. Portman's daughter, indeed, who was a parson in our parts who died of consumption the other day after leading the purest and saintliest life, and who after she had received the sacrament read over her friend's letter, and actually died with it on the bed. Her husband adores her; he is an old cavalry colonel of sixty, and the poor fellow, away now in India, and yearning after her, writes her yards and yards of the most tender, submissive, frantic letters; five or six other men are crazy about her. She trotted them all out, one after another, before me last night; not humorously, I mean, not making fun of them, but complacently describing their adoration for her, and acquiescing in their opinion of herself. Friends, lover, husband, she coaxes them all, and no more cares for them than worthy Miss Fotheringay did. Oh, Becky is a trifle to her, and I am sure I might draw her picture and she would never know in the least that it was herself. I suppose I did not fall in love with her myself because we were brought up together; she was a very simple, generous creature then.

> Blanche Amory combined the characteristics of at least two young girls who flit across the pages of these "Letters," one of whom is called Miss G. and the other Miss B.

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Poor little B. [says Thackeray in one place], does any one suppose I should be such an idiot as to write verses to her? I never wrote her a line. I once drew a picture in her music book, a caricature of a spooney song in which I laughed at her, as has been my practice,

The first reference to Miss G. occurs in the following passage (page 49):-

At the train whom do you think I found? Miss G., who says she is Blanche Amory, and I think she is Blanche Amory; amiable at times, amusing, clever, and depraved. We talked and persiflated all the way to London, and the idea of her will help me to a good chapter, in which I will make Pendennis and Blanche play at being in love, such a wicked, false, humbugging London love as two blasé London people might act and half deceive themselves that they were in earnest. That will complete the cycle of Mr. Pen's worldly experiences, and then we will make, or try to make, a good man of him. Oh, me! we are wicked worldlings, most of us; may God bet-

Here is a curious little glimpse (page | 71): -

At Procter's was not furiously amusing - the eternal G. bores one. Her parents were of course there, the papa with a suspicious-looking little order in his buttonhole, and a chevalier d'industrie air which I can't get over. E. did not sing, but on the other hand Mrs. She was passionate, she was enthusiastic, she was sublime, she was tender. When she had crushed G., who stood by the piano hating her and paying her the most profound compliments, she tripped off on my arm to the cab in waiting.

Dr. Sandwith says that Thackeray mentioned to him the name of the original Blanche Amory, and the novelist related how he once travelled with her in a railway carriage and cut his finger. She tore what seemed to be a costly cambric hand-kerchief and exclaimed: "See what I have sacrificed for you!" but he detected her hiding the common rag which she had torn.

Was this B. or G.? And was it B. or G. who is humorously sketched off in the following passage from the letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle? —

Have you been reading Thackeray's "Pendennis"? [writes Mrs. Carlyle in 1851.] If so, you have made acquaintance with Blanche Amory; and when I tell you that my young lady of last week is the original of that por-trait, you will give me joy that she, lady'smaid, and infinite baggage are all gone! Not that the poor little — is quite such a little that the poor little — is quite such a little devil as Thackeray, who has detested her from a child, has here represented; but the looks, the manners, the wiles, the *larmes*, "and all that sort of thing," are a perfect likeness. The blame, however, is chiefly on those who placed her in a position so false that it required extraordinary virtue not to become false along with it. She was the only legitimate child of a beautiful young "improper female," who was for a number of years —'s mistress (she had had a husband, a swindler). His mother took the freak of patronizing this mistress, saw the child, and, behold! it was very pretty and clever. Poor Mrs. tired of parties, of politics, of most things in heaven and earth; "a sudden thought struck her," she would adopt this child, give herself the excitement of making a scandal and brav-ing public opinion, and of educating a fleshand-blood girl into the heroine of a threevolume novel, which she had for years been trying to write, but wanted perseverance to elaborate. The child was made the idol of the whole house; her showy education was fitting her more for her own mother's profes-The child was made the idol of sion than for any honest one; and when she was seventeen and the novel was just rising into the interest of love affairs, a rich young man having been refused or rather jilted by Certainly he seems to have been ac-

her, Mrs. -- died - her husband and son being already dead - and poor - was left without any earthly stay, and with only £250 a year to support her in the extravagantly luxurious habits she had been brought up in. She has a splendid voice, and wished to get trained for the opera. Mrs. —'s fine lady friends screamed at the idea, but offered her nothing instead, not even their countenance. Her two male guardians, to wash their hands of her, resolved to send her to India, and to India she had to go, vowing that if their object was to marry her off she would disappoint them and return "to prosecute the artist life." She produced the most extraordinary furore at Calcutta; had offers every week; refused them point blank; terrified Sir — by her extravagance; tormented Lady caprices; "fell into consumption" for the nonce; was ordered by the doctors back to England, and, to the dismay of her two cowardly guardians, arrived here six months ago with her health perfectly restored.

It will be interesting to decide who was the person referred to on pages 122 and 123 of Thackeray's "Letters," and there described as a friend of twenty years before, now a degenerate clergyman. The description ends thus: -

I used to worship him for about six months, and now he points a moral and adorns a tale, such as it is in "Pendennis." He lives at the Duke of —'s Park at — and wanted me to come and go to the Abbey --, poor old to come and go to the Abbey —, poor old Harry —! And this battered, vulgar man was my idol of youth! My dear old Fitzgerald is always right about men, and said from the first that this was a bad one, and a sham.

Of the other characters of "Pendennis" Thackeray himself acknowledged that Helen was drawn after his mother, "though she was a thousand times better than the portrait." Wagg the novelist, whose name is great in the land where Captain Shandy, with ten times his brains, is unknown and unhonored, is presumably Theodore Hook. The noble men on the Pall Mall Gazette are Lords William and Henry Lennox, and a brother of the Duke of St. Albans, of whom Jack Sheehan used to say, "His name of Beauclerc is a misnomer, for he is always in a fog, and never clear about anything.

An attempt has been made to prove that the village of Clavering, in which the scenes of "Pendennis" are laid, is the village of that name in West Essex, six and a half miles south-west from Saffron Walden. But Clavering is certainly not the original of the town described under that name in "Pendennis," although Thackeray may have borrowed the name.

quainted with the place. It is not unlikely | that the Claverings of Clavering Park were so called by him after the family of Clav ering, which actually held the village during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The Welbores of the Barrow also may owe the casual introduction of their very uncommon name to the Welbores who resided at an old house called "Pondes" in Clavering in the sixteenth century. But the Clavering of the novel is undoubtedly Ottery-St.-Mary in Devonshire. Here Thackeray used to spend part of his vacations in his Charterhouse days (1825-28), at Larkbear on the confines of the parish, then occupied by his stepfather, Major Carmichael Smyth. There is a pamphlet entitled "Short Notes on the Church and Parish of Ottery-St.-Mary," compiled by the vicar of the parish, Rev. Sidney W. Cornish, D.D., who says: -

No person in these parts can read "Pen-dennis" without being struck with the impression which the scenery of this neighborhood must have made upon his mind to be reproduced, . . . after a lapse of more than twenty . The local descriptions clearly identify Clavering-St.-Mary, Chatteris, and Baymouth, with Ottery-St.-Mary, Exeter, and Sidmouth; and in the first edition, which was ornamented with vignettes in the margin, a sketch of the cock-tower of the church is introduced.

Dr. Cornish, it may be mentioned, was the probable original of Dr. Portman. He did not indeed become vicar until 1841, but Thackeray knew him when he was master of the king's school and a resident of the parish. We are told that in the woodcut which represents the meeting of Dr. Portman and his curate, Smirke, the side face of Dr. Portman strongly resembles that of Dr. Cornish, especially in the peculiar expression of the eye.

Major Carmichael Smyth was the original of Colonel Newcome. He is buried at Ayr, Scotland. Mrs. Ritchie has erected to his memory a memorial brass with the word "Adsum" on it. In a recently published letter she says: "The 'Adsum' and the rest of the quotation from 'The Newcomes' was put upon the brass because I knew that Major Carmichael Smyth had suggested the character of Colonel Newcome to my father. There is no foundation, however, for the story that the death-bed scene in the novel was taken from the circumstances of the major's death." Indeed, in this scene there appears to have been some unconscious reminiscence of the death of Leath-

rie." In one of his essays Thackeray has acknowledged a profound admiration for this wonderful old hero; and his simplicity, kindliness, and childlike trust made him nearly akin to the colonel. Here is the concluding passage of Thackeray's description:

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands, outside the bed, feebly beat a tune. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, "Adsum," and fell back. It was the word we used at school when the names were called; and lo, he whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master.

So wrote Thackeray. Now compare with this the death of Cooper's aged trapper, the hero of his five Indian tales, as he gives it in the last chapter of his " Prairie : "-

The old man had remained nearly motionless for an hour. His eyes alone had occasionally opened and shut. . . . Suddenly, while musing on the remarkable position in which he was placed, Middleton felt the hand which he held grasp his own with incredible power, and the old man, supported on either side by his friends, rose upright to his feet. For a moment he looked around him, as if to invite all in presence to listen (the lingering remnant of human frailty); and then, with a military elevation of the head, and with a voice that might be heard in every part of that numerous assembly, he pronounced the word, "Here."

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Surely, the "Adsum" and the "Here" in these two death scenes have some relation to each other. The other characters in "The Newcomes" are less easy to The elocutionist Bellew, father of the Kyrle Bellew of the modern stage, is said to have suggested Charles Honeyman, but beyond the fact that Bellew in his younger days was a fashionable clergyman, was adored by the women, and looked upon with a certain good-natured contempt by the men of his congregation, the likeness is a very remote one. Wil-liam Boland, whom Edmund Yates de-scribes as "a big, heavy, handsome man of much peculiar humor," was the original of Fred Bayham in "The Newcomes." (Yates, by the way, adds, "I have ventured to reproduce him as Boker in 'Land at Last.'") Boland was a man of much ability, who might have achieved great things, but, owing to indolence and Pohemian tastes, his name never became known er-stocking in Fenimore Cooper's "Prai- to the world. He had a robust confidence in his own abilities. He deplored the fact | last century and the beginning of the that he was wasting them, and he had a trick of speaking of himself as William in the same way that Fred Bayham always speaks of himself in the third person as As to the Becky Sharps, the Barnes Newcomes, the Marquis Steynes, and other delightfully wicked characters of that ilk, it is sufficient to quote Thackeray's own words to a friend : "I don't know where I got so many wicked people. I have never met them in real life.

#### From All The Year Round. THE LETTER "H."

ALTHOUGH it is generally recognized that the correct usage of the letter h is a sign of education and culture, the cause of its being misused so frequently is a problem as to the solution of which there is not so much unanimity. The whole question, however, resolves itself into this: Is the misuse of the aspirate "no new thing," or has it become common since a recent period only? Let us consider the evidence for the former view first.

Aulus Gellius, who flourished nearly eighteen hundred years ago, has recorded the fact that the old Latin writers of two centuries earlier, had called this injustice to the h a barbarism; whereas Nigidius Figulus, a celebrated grammarian contemporary with Cicero, had pronounced it a provincialism.

Clearly, therefore, there was something wrong with the h even in those days. It is curious, too, that the troublesome letter was a stumbling-block to the ancient Hebrews also; at least, to the unfortunate Ephraimites, who, after their defeat by Jephtha, strove to escape by denying themselves; but each man was questioned by the victorious Gileadites:-

"Art thou an Ephraimite? If he said Nay, then said they unto him, Say now shibboleth; and he said sibboleth; for he could not frame to pronounce it right," etc. Here of course the h is medial. Among the arguments set forth in a pamphlet written for the purpose of identifying the British people with the lost tribes of Israel, it is stated that Ai is frequently called Hai, in the Bible itself, and, contrariwise, Hai is called Ai.

As evidence in the same direction, it is pointed out that the use of an, before words beginning with h, in our translation and in English writings belonging to the accurate in the matter of their h's.

present, shows that in those days people were careless about the use of the aspirate. Mr. Grant White, who has traced the misuse of h more than two hundred years back, quotes, in support of his conclusion, the following extracts from the marriages and births in an old family Bi-

"John Harmond hand Mary was married in the year of our Lord God 1735, November the 25 day. John, the son of John Harmond, was born the 24 day of June, 1737, half an our after tow o'clock."

He concludes from this that "hand" was used for "and," and "a hour" for "an 'our."

But - to turn to the other side of the question - it is just as reasonable to conclude that the omission of the h in spelling the word hour shows that nobody sounded it in that word. As regards the appeal to the Bible, everybody knows that a and an are in many cases used indifferently - a hour, for example, in one part, and an hour in another. And, if the mis-use of h were general, it is rather sur-prising that it did not attract the attention of the novelists until the last generation. So far as we remember, the " h malady " is not referred to at all in Fielding or Smollett.

Perhaps the most striking argument against what may be called the "ancient" theory, is, however, found in the fact that in America, as in Ireland, the letter h is scarcely ever misused; and indeed it is the belief in those countries that a recent arrival from England may be known by the peculiarity of his speech in regard to the letter h.

If, then, we suppose that, say one hundred and fifty years ago, the misuse of the aspirate was common in this country, how are we to account for the correct speaking of the Americans? Nobody will ascribe it to more widely diffused education; because it is well known that in America, and, perhaps, still more in Ireland, there are some people who cannot even spell words which they pronounce correctly. modes of pronunciation are handed down from generation to generation, and as the bulk of the English part of the American nation has gone over to the new country within the last century and a half, there is good reason to infer that the misuse of the letter h is of comparatively modern origin. If it can be proved beyond doubt that this view is erroneous, it is inexplicable how the Americans and the Irish are

list of the "obsolete" words in Thompson's poems, will see many so classified which are now known to "any schoolboy." Having had a rest, such words have come into use again. Language is constantly changing, and it may be that, at irregular intervals, there breaks out an h epidemic. The Heepian dialect was no doubt a satire of some current mispronunciations of the time, and it certainly did not fail in its object, for it is now the usual practice to sound the h in "hospital," "humor," and "humble." Some writer of the twentieth century may have occasion to draw attention again to the subject.

The forcible introduction of the h where it ought not to be, and the painfully obtrusive strengthening of the h where it ought to be, may be fairly regarded as effects of reaction against a bad habit. Conscious that they are blundering, people of the class of Mr. Middlewick put in a strong h or two to make up for a dozen which they have left out, until, getting more and more confused, they become as bad as Punch's barber, or the man in the story told by Sir H. Ponsonby. A Mr. Hillier remonstrated with a friend for calling him 'Illier. The reply was staggering. "What do you mean?" asked the friend. "If a hache and a hi and a hel and a hel and a hi and a he and a har don't spell 'Illier, what do they spell?"

Some persons, however, drop k's in certain words without making up for the omission by putting in the aspirate where it is not wanted. Mr. T. A. Trollope says that Landor belonged to this class. In his case the habit could not have been due to ignorance - indeed, the assertion would be almost incredible, were it not notorious that Landor had many pecul-

iarities of pronunciation.

It would be difficult to say in what districts the misuse of the letter h is most prevalent; and, considering the spirit of "clannishness" which animates most of us, it is unwise to be too dogmatic on this point. But, speaking roughly, we think it may be said that the mispronunciation of h is very common in the south and very rare in the north. The true Cockney who has received a reasonable education is, compared with the mass of Englishmen, neither very good nor very bad in regard to the letter h. He certainly does not misplace his h's with such monotonous regularity as Theodore Hook and the wits of the Albert Smith school would have us believe. The inhabitants of Worcestershire, it has been said, like Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

Any reader who will look through a to immortalize their pronounciation on stone, and in proof of the assertion the following lines of an epitaph are quoted:

> Lo! where the silent marble weeps, A faithful friend and neighbor sleeps, A brother and a uncle dear, As to the world did appear.

It will be observed that the third line requires the additional h - "a huncle." This doggerel, however, is common in all parts of the country, and was probably written by somebody very far removed from any relation to Worcestershire. The charge brought against another county, in the form of a remonstrance from the letter h to the inhabitants of Shropshire, is more to the point: -

Whereas by you we have been driven From hearth and home, from hope and heaven,

And plac'd by your most learn'd society In exile, anguish, and anxiety We hereby claim full restitution, And beg you'll mend your elocution.

The reply, however, is clever: —

Whereas we rescued you, ingrate, From hell, from error, and from hate, From hedgebill, horsepond and from halter, And consecrated you in altar, We think your claim is an intrusion, And will not mend our elocution.

Although not immediately bearing upon the misuse of h, it is not without interest in this connection that both Irishmen and Scotchmen sound the aspirate before the w in such words as what, when, and which, to which they give the same value as the Anglo-Saxon hwæt, hwænne, hwitc.

Soon after "David Copperfield" was published, there arose quite a little storm in the dignified pages of Notes and Queries in reference to the Heepian dialect. One correspondent wrote that, in his childhood, he was always taught to sink the h in humble, and added that he regretted that the author thought fit to proscribe this practice, so far as in him lay, by making it the shibboleth of two of the meanest and vilest characters in his works. Another correspondent - a Londoner - says he never heard the h sounded in humble, except from the pulpit; while still another gives the following in-genious solution of the difficulty: " All existing humility is either pride or hypocrisy. Pride aspirates the k, hypocrisy suppresses it. I always aspirate." Others, again, strongly contended that the author of "David Cooperfield" was quite right.

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Even admitted authorities are at issue with regard to many words commencing with h; and, therefore, it is not surprising that ordinary persons, who do not have the opportunity of hearing the best speakers and of reading the best authors, should be hopelessly at sea as to many of the delicate subtleties of the letter h.

The article an is an unsafe guide to those in doubt, since Jane Austen wrote "an hozier;" and the translators of the Bible say, "an high hand," "an hair," "an habergeon," "an humble heart," etc.

Then vocal ease is an equally unsatisfactory test. Possibly some people may experience difficulty in saying a hotel, or a historian; but with the majority of people proper aspiration in both those instances is just as easy as in such words as horse or house.

Taking all circumstances into consideration, perhaps the only rough rule in regard to the correct use of the letter h is that it should be pronounced in all words coming to us from the Celtic stock, and be passed unsounded in all words of Latin origin. The following ingenious composition was produced to show the effect of such a rule : -

Ha! 'tis a horrible hallucination To grudge our hymns their halycon harmonies, When in just homage our rapt voices rise To celebrate our heroes in meet fashion; Whose hosts each heritage and habitation, Within these realms of hospitable joy, Protect securely 'gainst humiliation When hostile foes, like harpies, would annoy. Habituated to the sound of H In history and histrionic art, We deem the man a homicide of speech, Maiming humanity in a vital part, Whose humorous hilarity would treat us, In lieu of H, with a supposed hiatus.

> From The Leisure Hour. LYCANTHROPY.

By lycanthropy, strictly so called, is meant the transmutation of a man into a wolf, the man still retaining his human reason and knowledge, but becoming imbued with the fierce animal instincts of the brute into which he has been transformed.

In ancient times the same distinctions are to be observed. Lycaon, king of Arcadia, is transmuted into a wolf, but Io becomes a heifer; the companions of Ulysses, swine; Actæon, a stag; Nisus a hawk. The number of transmutations,

great Latin poets has written a long poem descriptive of them. In the Hindoo mythology Indra is represented as transmuting Rabandha into a monster, while the sons of Vasishtha convert Frisankla into a bear. In Scandinavian legends Sig-mund becomes a wolf, but Tragli a wild boar. From the same sources La Motte Fouqué has derived his wild and beautiful tale of "The Eagle and the Lion." There it is represented as being the common practice of Northmen at their pleasure to lay aside their human forms, and take those of some beast or bird. The braver and nobler spirits become lions or eagles, and achieve deeds of high daring; the meaner are transformed to wolves and bears. According to the Persian myths the ape, the serpent, and the dog are usually the animals into whom the changes are made. In the "Arabian Nights" Zobeide's sisters become black dogs, and the second Calender an ape. Among the Scythians and Greeks, again, the wolf is the brute chosen for these transmutations, as is the case in other parts of Europe. Herodotus tells us that among the Neuri, a race dwelling contiguously to the Scythi. ans, every one for a few days in the year becomes a wolf, at the end of that time returning to his ancient shape. Pliny quotes Evanthus, an author of some reputation, as affirming that, among the Arcadians, the family of one Anthus drew lots among themselves, which of them should repair to a certain pond, undress himself on the edge of it, hang his clothes on an oak, swim across the pond, and go into the deserts, where he would be changed into a wolf, and live with that species for nine years. If in the course of that time he did not devour a man, he might return to the same pond, recross it, and resume his original form, being, however, nine years older than when he laid it aside. In short, there are endless fables in circulation among the natives of almost every country in the world, and to all of them the general title lycanthropy will apply; though doubtless the term is commonly understood of the transmutations supposed to have taken place in the Dark and Middle Ages of European history.

Olaus Magnus, early in the sixteenth century, from whom we might have hoped better things, tells a story of a nobleman travelling through a forest. He and his servants lose their way, and can find no house where shelter or food are to be obtained. In the extremity of their need, one of his retinue discloses to him, under indeed, is so numerous, that one of the a promise of secrecy, that he has the power

form he can doubtless obtain food. The promise is given; the man goes out into the forest, under the semblance of a wolf, and returns with a lamb; after which he

resumes his human shape.

John of Nuremberg, in his book "De Miraculis," relates how in like manner a priest travelling in a strange country loses himself in a wood. Presently he sees a fire in the distance and makes for it. On reaching it, he finds a wolf sitting by it, who informs him that he is an Ossyrian, and that all his countrymen are obliged by a law imposed on them by an overruling power, to spend a certain number of

years in the shape of wolves.

In the year 1573, one Gilles Garnier, a native of Lyons, called from his secluded habits of life "the Hermit of St. Bonnet," was accused before the tribunals of being a loup-garou. It was affirmed that he prowled about like a wolf at night, and had devoured several infants. It was alleged that on three occasions under the guise of a wolf, and once in his own proper form, he had seized, killed, and mangled children. It was, of course, difficult to establish identity in three of these instances; but in the fourth, several witnesses well acquainted with his person had seen him strangle a boy, and afterwards tear his flesh with his teeth. He was arrested and put to the torture, when he confessed the truth of the charges against him, and was burnt at the stake.

A few years afterwards, a tailor named Roulet, living near Angers, was tried on a similar charge of having slain, and then mangled with his teeth, a lad of fifteen. It was declared in evidence that he had been seen, while in the shape of a wolf, to tear the body, and, pursuit having been made, he was caught in a thicket, but having now resumed his human form. At his examination he confessed that he had anointed himself with a magic salve, which turned him into a wolf, when it was his delight to seize and lacerate his human victims. He was condemned, and would doubtless have been burned at the stake, if he had not appealed to the Parliament. They wisely and mercifully declared him to be a maniac, and placed him under con-

finement.

The case of Jean Grenier in the next generation very nearly resembles the above. He was a peasant lad of St. Antoine de Pizon, near Bordeaux. He was charged, on what seemed credible evidence, with having torn to pieces several children. He made an elaborate confes- the cruelties of Tiberius.

of turning himself into a wolf, under which | sion, in which he declared that a black man whom he met in the forest had given him an ointment which had the effect of making him a wolf for a time, and while in that condition he had killed and mutilated several children. The judges in this instance also pronounced the man to be a madman, and placed him in a convent to

be cured and reformed.

Earlier in the same century a story, in most particulars very like the two just related, but with a more shocking termination, is told of a farmer near Pavia. He set upon some men, whom he lacerated with his teeth, but was seized and brought to trial. Here he made a confession to the effect that he was half man, half wolf, one side of his skin being human and the other covered with bristles. By magic power he was enabled to turn this skin as he pleased, and so become man or wolf, as the fancy possessed him. It is doubtful whether he made this declaration in the hope of terrifying his captors, or was like the others — insane. But the result was calamitous to him. His examiners, half believing his tale, cut off his arms and legs, in order to test the truth of his assertion, and the unhappy man soon bled to

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A very shocking history is that of a lady of Auvergne in 1588. Her husband, when returning from the chase, was accosted by a stranger, who informed him that he had been attacked by a savage wolf, from which he had freed himself by cutting off its fore paw. He produced the paw from under his sleeve as he spoke, and, lo! it had become a woman's hand, with a ring The gentleman thought he recogon it. nized his wife's wedding-ring. He went straight home, and found his wife with her apron thrown over her arm. The apron being removed, it was seen that her hand had been recently cut off. She was accused of being a loup-garou, was con-

victed, and burned.

Baring Gould relates a still more horrible tale of a Hungarian lady of rank, who was proved to have killed and mangled several hundred girls in order to suck their blood. There is also the well-known case of De Retz, maréchal of France in the time of King Charles VII., who had murdered and revelled in the blood of, it was supposed, eight hundred children. The truth of the charge was proved beyond the possibility of doubt. He himself affirmed that he had been seized with the uncontrollable craving for human blood whilst reading Suetonius's description of

These stories might be multiplied to any amount; but, as has been already remarked, there is a great similarity among them, and the above are enough to enable us to arrive at an intelligible, if not a very satisfactory, conclusion respecting them.

It is clear that bodily disease is largely connected with them. An insatiable craving for blood is not by any means the only unnatural appetite known to science. There is nothing unreasonable in believing that the same craving, which induces many animals to mangle a succession of victims in preference to devouring any one of them, might take possession of a human subject also, whose physical system had become greatly deranged. As late as 1849 the case of Bertrand, a junior officer in a regiment quartered at Paris, attracted at-tention. The facts are too repulsive for full narration. In frantic fits of uncontrol-lable desire he frequented the burialground of Père la Chaise and exhumed and lacerated a great many bodies. After a while the guardians of the cemetery were alarmed, Bertrand was fired at and wounded. The police then captured him, and he made a full confession. He was put under medical treatment, and recovered.

> From The Saturday Review. A DRUNKEN DOG.

Why should a man be called a dog as a name for reproach or contempt? Why should he be called a drunken dog, a sad dog, a miserable dog, or be said to have a hang-dog look? The dog is very human, and perhaps it is on this account that the most faithful and loving companion of man has come to be associated in words with his failings. A boy is sometimes called a monkey, a woman a cat or a goose, and a man may be called an ass and be henpecked; but a drunken dog is the phrase that carries contempt with it the most, though the dog of all animals is the least worthy of contempt by man. How dogs love men, and how men (the word man, of course, includes woman) love dogs! A scientific zoologist may put the ape or the elephant before dogs in their intellectual endowments, for which they have possibly very good reasons, and Sally at the Zoological Gardens is, no doubt, a superior person. But from the very earliest days, when the dog's remotest ancestor was taken as a whelp from a wolf's den, and made the close companion of man, explained. Soon after he came to the

to live with him, hunt with him, eat with him, and guard him, he has been on such extremely intimate terms with man, that through thousands of generations he has acquired an amount of humanity, which to a nice observer is very astonishing. thousands of generations have rather a melancholy aspect. The dog is so very short-lived. He is aged at fifteen years, as old in point of decrepitude as a horse at thirty, more so than a man at eighty. It is sad to think for how short a time we have this prime favorite with us, and what lamentations are poured over his early grave. He, doubtless, lives a fast life; he has fine faculties, scent, sight, and hearing, and he uses them without stint. His digestion must be pretty good, too, judging by the way he bolts his food. Perhaps nature has designed him to wear himself out quickly, so that he shall not live long enough to know too much, to learn to speak, and to write - in short, to rival her proud piece of work, man, as he might if he had fifty years instead of fifteen to do it in. He is an old, decrepid person, with great experience, but with his faculties all used up, when man is just escaping from childhood. He is much "misunderstood" by man - that is, by some men (man including woman, as before, more than ever, perhaps), who indulge in very fantastic notions as to his sense of shame, dishonesty, and so forth; not interpreting correctly the expression of his emotions, and putting his morality unjustly on the same level as that of the common human being. But certainly he runs the risk of having his morals undermined, and on this point we have something serious to say.

We know a drunken dog, we regret to say, a real drunken dog. He was employed in a whiskey distillery of some repute, not an illicit one, in the north of Ireland, to guard the premises in case of thieves and burglars. He was a bull-ter-rier of very promising exterior for such a purpose - we believe exterior is the proper term to use in describing the outward and visible signs of character. But when we saw him he was a wreck, with only the shattered remains of this promising exterior visible. He was lying on the hearth-rug before the office fire, blear-eyed, dilapidated, abandoned to vicious habits, with all the marks upon him of a dissipated scoundrel, thin, weak, unsteady in his gait when he got up, tail nowhere to speak of, ears much the same. The cause of this melancholy backsliding was thus

of thieves and burglars, he felt thirsty. So he followed some of the men up a sort of ladder or steep steps to an upper floor, and there he saw a bright liquid looking like water running over the refrigerator; he lapped, and was a lost dog. It was pure spirit; he liked it, and returned to it again and again. The sensation of getting drunk was very agreeable to him; he went up the steep steps - not the usual broad way to sin - drank to excess, became hopelessly drunk, came down, often fall-ing headlong, lay down by the fire in a stupid condition until he was sober, sleeping off his debauchery, and then again went up to get drunk as before. This was the evil life he was leading when we saw him. A more wretched, ill-conditioned, blackguard-looking dog never was seen. It may well be asked, why was such conduct allowed? In a busy place such an unusual falling away from virtue the end would be anything but peace.

distillery, then a sprightly dog fully alive in a faithful dog may not have been at to the work of detecting the stealthy steps first observed. Possibly the upper classes in a distillery do not take much notice of dogs, whilst the lower classes may have had a sneaking kindness for, and sympathy with, a dog in doing that which they would only be too glad to do themselves if they could. However that may be, the vice had been acquired beyond all hope of reform, and the very curiosity of a literally drunken dog, a lapse unexampled, even in a distillery, of a moral nature, proof in all former experience against the temptations of such an alcoholic Paradise, was enough to let him lie, an example to mankind, on the office hearth-rug of an Irish distillery. What his end may be, or may have been, it is painful to contemplate. To imagine a bull-terrier with delirium tremens is not pleasant, and the M.R.C.V.S. called in on such an occasion would not be in an enviable position. It would be probably pronounced rabies, as everything else is, and

A JAPANESE PATIENT. - At Surugadai, in | Tôk yô, we read in the Sei-i-Kwai Medical Journal, lives Mr. Tanabe, a gentleman in easy circumstances. His mother, an inmate of the same house, has attained her sixtieth year, but until quite lately was a hale and hearty lady, much beloved for her virtues and esteemed for her accomplishments. The changes of these topsy-turvy times have not shaken her adherence to the faiths and fashions of ancient days. In her eyes the Japanese samurai still exists, though his name has been erased from the national ledger, and his place usurped by inferiors. A few months ago her wonted health began to fail. She was attacked by a malignant disease formerly held fatal, and now known to be curable only by extreme measures. At the Hongo Hospital Dr. Sato told her that a severe surgical opera-tion could alone save her life. Was it possible that a lady of her age should survive such a method of treatment? Dr. Sato said there was good hope, and after anxious consultation her family consented to follow his advice. The old lady at once became an inmate of the hospital. After she had undergone the necessary preparation, Dr. Sato himself undertook the operation, in the presence of the chief surgeons of the Naval and War Departments and of the Imperial University. Two deep incisions in the bosom had to be made, and the assistants were about to administer chloroform. The old lady asked what was the nature of the medicine. Being told that its function was merely to deaden pain, she said that she had no need of such things.

She had heard of anodyne drugs that send patients to sleep under the surgeon's knife. She preferred to remain awake. Among her friends of former days was a loyal soldier, by name Miyoshi. Fate willed that he should die by his own sword. He had disembowelled himself in her presence, and with a wide wound gaping in his bosom, had composed and writ-ten his death song. She had witnessed this thing with her own eyes. It was her notion of the example a samurai ought to set, and though a woman, she preferred to emulate such a spirit rather than to take refuge from pain in narcotics. With that she lay down and bared her bosom to the knife. Dr. Sato proceeded with the operation. He made two incisions under the left breast, and two smaller incisions above. The morbid growth was removed, and twenty stitches were put in. During the whole process the old lady never made a movement or uttered a groan. Not until Dr. Sato asked whether she had suffered much pain did she open her eyes and reply quietly that the cutting of live flesh is never without suffering. Her son, who was by her side throughout, would now have answered the various inquiries that had come by telegraph and messenger, but the old lady insisted on writing four letters herself to reassure her friends. Dr. Sato declared, as well he might, that he had never, in all his experience, en-countered so much fortitude and power of endurance. The Nichi Nichi Shimbun tells the story as an evidence that the old samurai spirit survives in Japan. British Medical Journal.





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